

George is a Brat but he's trying

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George is a Brat but he's trying

by [FourWings](#)

Summary

George may be going to therapy, but nothing fixes instantly. He wants to tell Dream and Sapnap just how much he loves them, but the words always get caught before he can say them.

“Gogy.” An excited voice called in his ear, the brunet humming tiredly, sleepiness in his tone and actions as he turned over, away from the voice into another warm chest that vibrated, annoyingly, in amusement.

“George, wake up.” Another voice, that he was able to identify as Sapnap this time, called with a gentle hand through his hair. George was only half awake and a disgruntled whine fell free from his lips, brown eyes opened slowly, blinking in the dark room to land on excited black ones peering at him.

“No.” He pouted simply, too warm and comfortable between the pair as his brain slowly started to wake up, thoughts stringing together lazily. “Why’re you up before me?” He

seemed to slur, reaching up tiredly to rub at his eyes as Dream laughed against his back, a pair of arms wrapping around his clothed waist to pull him in close, the movement making his thoughts work that much faster to collect themselves beyond the drowsy veil of sleep.

“Its Christmas, we woke up early.”

Notes

So, before we start. This was written more than a month ago, and I've been editing and adding for a while and finally feel comfortable posting. This will be 4-5 chapters long, updated every 2-3 days depending on how editing continues to go. I hope you all enjoy this.

Also there is a reference to one of my favorite fics I've written in here, hope some people catch it... Oh and while this is being posted after all my other works where I use pretty boy as a petname, this is where it started more than a month ago. :)

Enjoy, see you all at the bottom!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Crazy Eights

“What are you doing for Christmas?” Dream asked, vibrant green eyes trained on a short brunet as he shuffled through cards, a hopeful smile playing on his lips.

George hummed thoughtfully, flipping a card in his hand to put on top of the pile, giving Sapnap a grin knowing he would have to go through the card pile now. They played games often, and usually he and Sapnap were on the losing side with how competitive Dream got, not that George didn’t mind grinding the youngest into last place. “I haven’t thought about it much, I usually stay at home since everything is closed.” He answered, leaning back as the raven dug through the card pile muttering, a smug expression firmly placed on his face while he went back to his cards, already plotting his next move between the easygoing conversation.

“So you don’t have any plans?” Dream tried to confirm, something in his eyes that was close to barely contained excitement that bled its way into his tone that hit the brunet’s ears enough to draw some attention. George paused then, flicking his brown eyes away from the cards in his hand to stare across the table into bright green eyes, the other’s expression more hopeful. The smug grin got wider as he hummed playfully, brown eyes turning mischievous and drawing in the blond’s attention enough that they both ignored Sapnap’s slightly louder mutters over his card luck.

“Do you want me to have plans?” George finally asked curiously after a long still of silence and intense stares, a flare of satisfaction welling in his body with how Dream’s lips twitched in mild annoyance, clearly trying to find the words to trip George up in the small game he was playing. The brunet let his grin soften, tipping his head slightly and letting his cheek rest on his knuckles while staring at the blond who finally opened his mouth to answer.

“Your turn Dream.” Sapnap said loudly, having finally found a card to place on the pile. George spared a glance and couldn’t help but snicker as he realized the raven had accumulated a large stack of cards in his hand, wondering just how unlucky the other had to have been to not find a single card to put down for a ‘casual’ game of Crazy 8’s. Across the table, green eyes followed the brunet’s gaze and Dream’s lips twitched at his partner’s bad luck, scanning his cards briefly, clinging to the thought in his head while finding the first card he could to put on the pile thoughtlessly. .

“Not with anybody else, but with us yeah.” Dream said while quickly pulling out a 7 of clubs from his cards and tossing it on the pile. Sapnap’s teeth started to grind as the one suit he didn’t have popped up again, the sly grin Dream threw him made him sigh in irritation, knowing the other was indeed trying to do this on purpose. George watched the exchange with mild amusement, unsurprised when pleading black eyes looked to him for mercy, silently begging for a suit change. George raised an eyebrow curiously, considering it, before throwing down a four of clubs card onto the table, clearly intent on making Sapnap dig for more cards..

“I suppose I can make time for you guys on christmas.” He drawled out lazily, only mildly disappointed as Sapnap grinned in relief, tanned fingers quickly plucking a card from the plethora of cards to lay a four of hearts on top of the pile.

“Wow, way to sound excited there George.” Dream deadpanned, green eyes glancing away from the pair at the table to pull a card off the top of the pile, humming in satisfaction as he flipped the six of hearts card onto the top of the pile. He did smirk as the pair groaned, dark black eyes unamused by his unending luck while George went to look at his cards hastily. “Didn’t mean to twist your arm or anything.”

Sapnap was the one who snickered when George groaned and began to delve into the pile of cards as well, the raven feeling like karma had come for the other two trying to sabotage the game for him at that moment. Still, a playful grin rested on the brunet's face as he spoke. "Too late, it's been twisted." He finally said mockingly, picking up 4 cards before finally getting a card to play.

"Oh shut up George. Do you wanna spend Christmas with us or not?" Sapnap decided to join in, even though he was amused by the constant back and forth banter between the pair, he wanted an actual answer for the question that was asked. Still, he was pleased as the card George played was something he had, it would be harder at this point to play something he didn't have, and was able to flip another card to the pile.

Brown eyes stared playfully into black ones, fingers reaching out to touch the other's knee gently, watching slight tension behind the eyes melt away at the contact they both craved constantly. "There's a real question I can answer." George said with a pointed look at Dream, who's expression turned dark before sly, clearly plotting something for the comment. "Yes, I would be happy to spend Christmas with you both."

Sapnap leaned forward, being the closest to the brunet, leaving a chaste kiss left on the brunet's pink lips. "I'm glad." His eyes flicked to Dream who was lazily lounging in the chair, expression similar to a stalking jungle cat ready to pounce, somehow unnerving as he realized he was likely being stalked as well. "Your turn babe." He said with a perturbed smile.

The corner of Dream's lips turned up in a self confident smirk, dropping the act as the tips of his teeth showed. "I want your heart- the card suit that is." The blond said slowly, placing an 8 on the top of the deck. George groaned as the pair snickered, meeting in their own kiss as the brunet dug through the pile reluctantly, a false pout forming on his face.

"That's it, I don't wanna come over anymore." George complained loudly, holding what seemed like the other half of the deck, Dream's victory seemingly assured.

Dream hummed gleefully while tapping the table impatiently, eager to win already, his smile deceptively soft as he stared at the other dig through the pile in frustration. "Too late, you already agreed."

"Fuck you." George spat out with a slight glare, not truly upset but still pleased that Dream at least had the decency to look more guilty than before.

"Maybe later, if you win." Dream taunted back just as quickly, watching pale cheeks turn a soft pink in response. The blond and raven then remembered they hadn't actually had sex since the last time they tried to scene, and even then that wasn't all the way. A heat boiled in Sapnap's stomach, eyes growing hungry and desperate in a way he should have curbed, but seeing the flush spread further along the brunet's pale features until it touched his ears showing that George was clearly thinking about it, he threw away most of his restraint.

"I'll fuck you if you lose." Sapnap offered quickly, sitting up and looking at the brunet with fire burning in his stomach that looked more than ready to handle the similar flames in flustered brown eyes. The offer and look were not missed by the blond and once again a suspicious spark flitted in Dream's stomach. "Throw the game Georgie, let me win."

The flushed brunet made a thoughtful face, staring at the blond whose face was dropping at the pair conspiring against him, pink lips slowly worming their way up as he joined Sapnap's side, scooting closer. "What number do you want Sapnap?"

"Hey! That's not fair!" Dream whined, his hand reaching out quickly to pull the 8 card back as

George caught the taller's wrist with a grin.

"No take backs, you already put the card down." George said, laughing as Dream jerked his hand back with an offended expression. "So what card do you want Sap?"

"I can work with a 6 or 3." Sapnap answered as George placed down a 6, both grinning mischievously at the put out blond who was scanning his cards, set on not losing so he could have the brunet. Being a sore loser was also a good motivator to win.

"You are both the worst."

Sapnap's smile cracked only slightly. "Yeah, but you love us." The words were innocent enough, but if either had bothered to look they would have seen how fragile the expression in dark eyes were. Still, neither did, both focused on the card game and taking the gentle, playful words at their face value.

Dream sighed, shaking his head fondly and flipping down another card, back to hearts. "Yeah, I do." He admitted with ease, the smile on his face gentle and fearless in a way that made George envious and Sapnap's heart thud in a way he hadn't felt in years.

George blushed, scooting his chair even closer to the raven to share cards as they conspired against the blond, who did lose in the end despite the pair having close to 30 cards when they began. Sapnap grinned at the blond, slamming the last card down with a loud cheer while George let out a soft and cheeky giggle as Dream fumed in the chair, staring at the card on the top of the deck so heatedly it would have burst into flames if it could. "You are so competitive over everything." He managed between peals of laughter, Sapnap leaning over to kiss Dream on the lips chastly, working the younger's stiff bottom lip between his teeth until he got a gasp that made the raven grin deviously, finally pulling back to draw the other's attention further.

"C'mon Dream, be a good sport and I'll suck you off after I fuck George." Green eyes glittered in excitement, lips finally turning upward as he stopped sulking at the offer the raven was making for him. Sapnap hardly gave out blow jobs, which was a damn shame since he was terribly good at it. Dream felt his cock twitch in interest, a lazy smile touching his face.

"I guess I'll accept that as a consolation prize." Dream drew out, taking advantage of the time he took saying to try and lean up for another kiss, wanting to make it deeper only to sigh in mild frustration as the raven pulled away playfully, his smile a touch strained.

"Consolation prize? Me? Let's call it charity." Sapnap said in a low tone that made Dream's stomach burn and he shivered, green eyes darkening in lust. The raven blinked at him in open curiosity for only a moment before the smile turned into a smirk, full of teasing that toed the line of mocking as they twisted to speak. "Wow, even now you find ways to surprise me don't you Dreamie?" His tone made Dream want to shiver, barely holding out on the motion while bottomless black pools assessed him, the depth in his expression making him breathless. A hand swept across the front of his jeans and made him jump, the sensation drawing him out of their eye-fucking while Sapnap used his position of standing to pin Dream to the chair, hanging above the blond's lips reach while the older boy could still feel soft wafts of air pass over his face, clearly using their proximity as leverage. "Tell you what, if you prep George, I'll take care of you once he's stretched out." Dream felt the air punch out of him, surprised how arousing this strange dynamic had become, black eyes twinkling in delight as they noticed his apparent response, knowing the younger had filed this knowledge away for later.

"What are you going to do then?" George asked impatiently, almost bratty, but just in check. Black eyes tore away to stare down the brunet, satisfaction in every motion as the brunet seemingly

shrunk down under his gaze. His lips twisted upward, pulling away from Dream with another rub over the other's growing bulge before sauntering his way to the smaller, straddling him briefly, silent as the room filled with electric energy, even green eyes unable to tear away.

"What am I going to do?" The words were innocent enough, if not for the low timbre that laced the words with filthy eagerness. "I'm going to watch Dream open you up for me and kiss you both stupid before I fuck you." The brunet shivered, pupils dilating and he tried to arch his neck up, attempting to steal a kiss and being just as successful as Dream was earlier, letting out an impatient whine in to show his displeasure. Sapnap chuckled at both their actions while pulling his own desires in check as he wanted to hold himself to their earlier agreement, even as greedy hands pawed at his ass in clear 'misbehavior'. "You get worked up so easily George." Sapnap said teasingly, bringing his hands up to play with brown strands of hair, only teasing the boy more before finally kissing him softly, not letting the shorter one deepen it as he stood up quickly.

"Sapnap..." George whined, licking his lips where the taste of the other lingered while his brown eyes followed the other's movements with unabashed need.

"Do you really want me to fuck you here?" Sapnap asked curiously, not opposed to the idea. Brown eyes met his steadily, a long heartbeat passing before nodding eagerly. Sapnap exhaled, feeling slightly winded. "Wow, you really are something." Pink cheeks turned impossibly darker, but Sapnap was beyond delighted as George's eyes furrowed in concentration. "What are you thinking about?"

Dream quietly got up, heading to their bedroom for lube as the pair talked, keeping his ears pricked to hear the conversation.

"Give me a minute, or I won't say it at all." George said, blinking slowly and ripping his eyes away from the other. "I'm trying to separate this and bdsm. I haven't really had normal sex, like actual fucking instead of jerking y'know, in so long, and I want to do this right for you both a- and that alone is so." He cut himself off, biting his lip as Sapnap walked back over, hand resting on the shorter's shoulder in reassurance. "I want to do this for you both, for all of us. It's going to take a lot of concentration so plea-" Sapnap caught the other's lips quickly, fingers digging into George's shoulders and pressing his tongue in, catching the other off guard enough to gain easy access and easily forcing the shorter's submission, not that George truly fought back.

Sapnap pulled away with a soft smile, unfairly soft after the intense kiss that left George panting. "Georgie, dear." The term of endearment made the other stiffen, a small noise leaving his throat as Sapnap carried on. "Calm down, worrying about it is going to make it more difficult for you." Another kiss was delicately pressed to the bridge of his nose, softer than the wing of a butterfly. "Besides, you're cute when you beg when you don't have to." George sighed, smiling at the cheeky addition fondly while tilting his head up to kiss the other, humming at the soft warmth that filled him, relaxing into the soft emotion easier than before and letting it guide his words.

"Thanks Sapnap." He said with appreciation, the building nerves in his gut slowly falling away as the words settled in his head.

"Anytime Gogy." George's nose crinkled at that and Sapnap laughed, amused by the expression. "Get up, it will be easier if you bend over the table."

"A please would be nice." George snarked freely, standing up slowly, stretching his arms a while noticing their card game had already been cleaned up, smiling softly before flicking dark brown eyes back up to Sapnap's. Hearing footsteps coming down the hallway, George hurriedly peeled his shirt and jeans off, fiddling with the hem of his boxers when Dream's hands rested on his hips.

“I’ll get those for you Georgie, go ahead and bend over here for me.” Dream said soothingly, gently guiding the other to the table, pressing on the small of his back until he bent over. “You comfortable?”

George wriggled a bit, blushing as Sapnap lazily draped himself over a chair, shrugging his jeans down a bit while palming himself slowly. “Yeah, I am.” He bit his lip, testing the waters and wiggling his hips a bit, the other’s hands squeezing warningly but no more. “You going to start?”

Dream scoffed against his thigh, kneeling on the ground and placing his hands on the hemline of the boxers. “You’re so impatient it should be a sin.” Dream answered, not sounding half as chastising when the blond’s tone was so warm that it could melt ice, while purposefully pulling the other’s underwear down slowly, taking his time to let his thumbs graze over smooth skin, smiling when the other shivered in his hands. “It makes me want to take my time with you.” George whined as the blond squeezed his ass hard, not quite pain but still so good, so potently possessive it made his eyes flutter while his stomach burned. “But I want Sapnap’s mouth on me more, and I’m sure you can’t wait to have him fucking you, so I’ll be nice today.” A gentle kiss to his inner thighs, and George trembled, trying to stay still. Why is he so damn good at talking like that? He wondered as the sound of a cap flicking echoed in the silent room, anticipation filling every nerve.

Slowly, too slowly for the brunet who was practically promised no teasing, a finger pressed at his hold and he pushed back on it, gasping as it pressed in. “So impatient Georgie.” Sapnap mused. Brown eyes immediately sought out the raven, finding him leaning leisurely on the one comfortable chair while slowly palming himself, pinning the brunet down with a smirk and lust filled eyes alone. “Dream even said you wouldn’t have to wait long, but you really do just want my cock inside you.” Damn them for being so good at finding the right words. George tried to make a face but it quickly twisted into pleasure as Dream continued to push his finger in, gently crooking it and making George’s fingers flex.

“Fuck.” He breathed out, bucking his hips back, being delighted as the blond let him, Sapnap barely holding back a laugh.

“It’s been a few weeks George, surely you aren’t this needy so soon?” Sapnap asked, forcing the brunet to keep his attention centered on him like a moth to a flame.

“Shut, ah, up.” He stammered out, shuddering as a second finger was slowly worked in, the stretch coming a bit too soon for how long it had been since he had last needed to be prepped. “Dream, slow down.” He said quickly, eyes squinting close and missing the shared look of surprise, ringed in delight, between the other two. Dream gently slipped the other finger out, moving the single digit in and out slowly, occasionally curling his finger and pulling back before unflexing it, making sure the other was a bit more relaxed, soft moans once again falling from impatient lips. “You can put the other one in.” George said before Dream could ask, green eyes appreciatively taking in the other’s shaking thighs as he worked the next finger in, still taking it slow and gentle and it was almost painful for the brunet, threatening to bring up memories he would rather shove away right now.

“You’re doing so well George.” Dream said quietly, pressing a kiss to the other’s thigh and feeling the skin beneath twitch. “Telling me what you need, when it’s too much.” He spread his fingers apart slowly, pausing when the boy’s hole clenched and resuming when he relaxed as another low moan echoed through the room followed quickly by another. “I’m proud of you.” Dream pressed a kiss to pale thighs before curling his fingers in a practiced motion, just skimming the edge of George’s prostate with a knowing grin. George keened, fingernails digging into the table and panting harshly, eagerly thrusting his hips back for more as he became more movement and less words. “Let me know when I can put the next one in Gogy.”

George gasped, stomach burning in need as his cock started to leak, desperately needing relief. "Now, now please." He hissed against the table, opening his eyes as a gentle hand touched his face to see familiar and soft midnight colored orbs there and closer than before. He whimpered softly, fingers digging into smooth wood as a third finger was pressed in, the stretch making him want to scream in impatience. He wanted Sapnap's cock inside him, fucking him, so bad he felt dizzy as the need in his stomach welled up higher and hotter than before. "Sapnap." He whined pathetically, not realizing he had leaned into the other's touch as he let out a sharp exhale, drowning in his own lust and the contact. Black eyes stared into his, the fire that once burned impatiently and impossibly hot softening until something more potent, now he could see the blatant affection in the raven's gaze, twisting his gut so pleasantly he wanted to feel it, feel the other, to be closer. He wanted the other's lips on his, more of the touches, more always more.

"You're almost ready George, a little more patience." The tanned boy promised, smoothing the brown hair away and being struck suddenly by how open the boy was now, every emotion he felt now visible on his face. Need, desire, lust, all easy to see, no longer stuck behind guarded eyes that wanted more but refused to ask. The most rewarding of all was the raw pleasure and affection in deep brown eyes, hazy but present as the brunet blinked blearily, clearly swimming in his own pleasure and need. Sapnap's breath caught in his throat, the sound he made was similar to when he had found the other's praise kink, gently rubbing a thumb across flushed skin that resembled painted porcelain and treating it with just as much care as if the boy had been made of it. "George." He cooed, the swell of emotions that had been plaguing him since their last scene that was less than 2 months ago flowing away to press a chaste kiss to plump lips filled with moans and hunger. Taking advantage, Sapnap swept his tongue in, only mildly surprised to find the brunet had some fight as he put up a feeble attempt for dominance, managing to surprise the tanned boy with a sharp nip on his lip before allowing free access to his mouth. Sapnap moaned in approval, rubbing his palm over himself once again as he took his time delving into the other's mouth, leaving no place unmapped while drinking in every moan that was made by Dream stretching the shorter boy out. Finally Sapnap pulled away, his own cheeks flushed as he panted lightly, looking into brown eyes to see the warmth that had been hiding even more potent and visible than before, smirking as the brunet struggled for words, still flushed before choking on words when Dream would spread his fingers apart. "I'd say that counts as kissed stupid." He mumbled haughtily, George simply groaning softly while Dream pulled his fingers out with a satisfied grin.

"Dream." George whined. The blond slowly sauntered his way over, kneeling beside Sapnap to be taken back by the pure affection in brown eyes, only able to admire it for a few moments before the brunet, in his adorable but frantic impatience, reached out to grasp blond hair in his hands and pulling Dream into a kiss. George was grateful for the freedom to touch the pair as he wanted, to be able to kiss them how he wanted, how he needed to when he wanted to. It was liberating and he had never been happier to have started going to therapy if it helped him, in moments of passion when his thoughts were already quieter than normal, to reach out to actively reach for what he wanted. He pressed his tongue in, his thoughts shoved away as he was pleasantly surprised to find Dream letting him take the lead, and George ran with it eagerly. His fingers pressed greedily into the other's jaw, tugging him impossibly closer to press in deeper, shivering at the surprisingly soft moan from the other, both wanting the moment to last while George drank his fill of the blond. George finally pulled away, licking his lips and drinking in the red cheeks, flustered expression, and affectionate green eyes filled with need. "You're pretty when you blush." He babbled quickly before he could stop himself even as nerves threw themselves back into his veins, only halting their spread as Dream's familiar smirk crept onto his face in reassurance.

"You are too." Dream said affectionately, pushing the nervousness from the admission away before leaning back with a gentle pet through the other's hair, standing back up quickly. "Sapnap, I think you owe me something?" Dream said teasingly, making his way into the one remaining chair

as Sapnap's black eyes twinkled in delight.

"I guess." He taunted, dropping down to his knees in front of the other. "Stay put George." He tried to word it more as a request than a demand, but in the end George hummed and leaned against the table, watching the pair with open curiosity.

Sapnap let his hands run up bare thighs, grateful Dream had shed them off and away earlier so that he wasn't wrestling with denim with the other in a chair. Teasingly, he brought his hands back down to Dream's knees, the tips of short fingernails gently dragging against soft skin and making the blond shiver in impatience. "Sapnap." He tried to complain until Sapnap tucked his head down, hot breath ghosting along hot and sensitive skin as his breath caught in his throat. The raven between his legs chuckled, amused greatly by the blond's reactions, looking up into heated green eyes coyly.

"Dreamie." Sapnap started to tease as the other easily brought his hands to Sapnap's hair, simply tangling them through but a very clear warning to the playful raven even as the blond gave him a soft smile that made his own stomach flutter in butterflies, but that wasn't the only feeling that caused fluttering.

"I already waited long enough, don't you think Sap?" Dream asked ever so gently, letting some of the black hair slip through his fingers.

Sapnap gave him a crooked grin, leaning into the hands in his hair out of habit. "You can't even wait as long as George, and you want me to hurry up?" He asked cheekily, hands traveling back up the other's thighs at what was an appropriate pace for the blond. "Man Dreamie, you've gotten impatient lately." His tone was soft, fond, but pensive. Dream wished he had a moment to catch it, as the moment the last sound slipped past smooth, but all too tight, lips, familiar hands wrapped around his cock, a quick stroke eliciting a delightful and surprised moan that made brown eyes a small distance away glimmer.

"You're such a tease." Dream panted out breathily, shivering and his fingers tightening into black hair as the other's hand stroked him once more, thumb gently passing over his head and making him exhale sharply. "Sapnap." He moaned, another similar but slow stroke running over him again as the raven smirked, slowly leaning in closer, teasing and tempting the blond to push his head down. "Seriously." He asked as Sapnap pulled away, both glancing at George who couldn't help but snicker at the teasing in front of him, amused the blond got to get the same treatment he was often subjected to.

"Stop teasi-AH!" Dream tried to complain as Sapnap took advantage of the distraction to wrap his lips around the blond's head, dark eyes staring playfully to see flushed features twist and the hands in his hair tighten almost painfully. Green eyes met his as he slowly dragged his tongue across the slit, the bead of precum quickly mixing in his mouth as he pushed his head down further to take more of the blond's cock into his mouth. Sapnap couldn't help the smirk he made as Dream keened, the sound high in pitch and so rewarding from the blond who turned a deep shade of red, green eyes flicking between black and brown eyes.

"Sap-ah!" He yelped out, voice stuttering as the raven pulled up before making it to the slightly older boy's base, swirling his tongue around the head firmly and feeling the hands in his hair twist again, this time the sensation painful. Sapnap quickly pulled his head up, the one hand still on the boy's cock running up and down to dig a fingernail warningly into a sensitive slit, making the blond hiss in painful pleasure.

"Stop pulling my hair so much, fist the damn couch." Sapnap grouched, dark gaze still adoring even if annoyed. Tanned fingers lined in freckles pulled off his hair before settling on the couch with a

small twitch, clearly restraint was running thin. The raven hummed approvingly, stroking Dream slowly while rubbing his thumb roughly across the tip and squeezing tightly on each downstroke, the shallow thrusting into his hand and soft moans a clear indicator that it felt good. Finally Sapnap decided to stop teasing as red cheeks grew redder and the blond's hands twitched again, realizing the boy was tired of teasing.

Sapnap one again took the other's cock into his mouth, tongue lapping up the beads of precum that beaded up, shivering at the lewd moan that Dream made, feeling the blond thrust slightly before remembering to stay still. Sapnap rubbed his knee appreciatively. His hands gently fondled the older boys' balls, thumb stroked across them gingerly and rhythmically in time with his shallow bobs on, tongue running across the boys cock and even over the veins as he got closer. "Sap, you're, fuck, so good at, ah! At this." Dream said gently, eyes squeezed shut as the tongue ran across the underside of his cock, warm and wet as it teased its way up to dip into his slit, shivering at how sensitive he was.

The raven grinned around the other, swirling his tongue around the head again before staring up into a pleasure filled face, devious intentions that were visible only to the brunet who was slowly grinding against the table, the hard material uncomfortable but still stimulation as his hands lay flat on the wood. Dream let out a choked moan, green eyes flying open and his hands spasming as Sapnap easily took him to the base, holding himself there as his nose buried into neat and recently trimmed blond hairs. He glanced up, eyes slightly watery as green eyes blown wide with lust stared down, carefully moving his tongue around the others cock and humming. He shivered at the low groan and shallow thrust Dream made, biting his bottom lip even as his chest heaved from breathing, chest slowly turning red from the effort it took to not fuck into Sapnap's throat while his tongue and hand worked him over.

"So close." He moaned, fingers clenching as Sapnap took the hint for what it was and started moving quickly, taking Dream tip to base multiple times while dipping his tongue into the slit with each movement up and then around the head on each dive back down. George whimpered as Dream connected their eyes, flushed cheeks and lust filled eyes making him rut against the table with a groan. Green eyes darkened in surprise, a familiar grin flitting across his face before moaning again as he thrust up. "Fuck, Sap, I-" He cut off as Sapnap pulled up, still teasing his tip while his hands moved to stroke quickly at a swelling cock. In seconds Dream came, thrusting his hips without abandon into the raven's firm grip, fucking his hand and mouth at the same time while cuming hard. Sapnap smirked through it all, tongue gently working against a hypersensitive tip while Dream shook like a leaf, thighs twitching before he finally stilled. The blond made a petulant whine when Sapnap, unable to help himself, swiped his tongue one last time before pulling away and removing his hand gently, licking his thumb carefully where a small trail of cum had dripped down, green eyes closing and groaning at the sight.

"Dream, Dreaaaaam." Sapnap teased jokingly, pulling up as he had cornered the blond again. "Give me kissies." Dream scoffed fondly, already making a face as lips pressed to his, tasting his own cum on the other's lips.

"You taste so gross." Dream teased breathlessly, Sapnap's black eyes coy and fond before kissing him again chastely.

"Shut up." Sapnap whispered, chuckling at the squeeze on his thigh to notice green eyes staring over his shoulder with a grin. Sapnap turned, meeting a needy expression looking at them enviously. "Aww, is somebody tired of waiting?" Sapnap asked gently, de-tangling himself from the blond who hummed in satisfaction, swimming in the afterglow.

George shivered as Sapnap trailed a hand down his back, pressing softly at his lower back.

“George, did you enjoy the show?”

“Yeah.” George offered shortly, twisting his head to look over his shoulder to see fond black eyes peering down at him. “Can I-” He paused and wanted to scream at himself for the hesitation, even as Sapnap stared at him patiently. “I wanna see you.” He finished hurriedly, blinking quickly as Sapnap grinned, the tanned boy’s hands resting on his hips to rub gentle circles into supple skin to soothe the nervous boy..

“Flip around then.” The younger said patiently, even though he desperately wanted to make the older boy beg for it, he knew it was not the time or place for it. Similar desire flared in chocolate colored eyes, molten from the heat inside that practically dripped into a sweet smile, the brunet gingerly standing and turning around before seating himself back on the hard surface, still maintaining teasing eye contact. Sapnap quirked an eyebrow playfully, constantly delighted by the brunet’s growing boldness and teasing that sent the strangest butterflies through his stomach, most content but sometimes a hint of apprehension flitted among them. Still, he smiled at the brunet who stared at him in the sweetest mixture of impatience and teasing before leaning in to catch plump lips in a kiss, noting George’s small hum from tasting Dream on his lips. The kiss was sweet for only a minute before their impatience got the best of them, Sapnap’s hands firmly gripping the other’s sides and pulling him closer, nearly swinging George off the table as greedy hands wrapped around to squeeze Sapnap’s ass hard, the raven growling into the kiss and nipping his bottom lip in what could be approval or chastisement, pulling back to watch a sinful pink tongue flick out to lick bruised lips that were just shy of a smile. Sapnap groaned, his fingers briefly digging into the paler boy’s sides a touch too hard and eliciting a gasp before his hands trailed down to his hips, dark eyes meeting heated and eager brown eyes. “You are such a tease now.” Sapnap said fondly, leaning in for another kiss that was much shorter than before, George’s eyes fluttering at the gentle affection before shifting on the table enough to let Sapnap pull him closer and wrapping his legs around the other’s waist, grateful for the other’s broader shape as his knees crooked around for his ankles to hook on each other.

“You love me though.” George dared to whisper, glad he could say those words even if he couldn’t admit out loud he cared just as much about them. Black eyes softened, even as something lurked in their depths, teasing smile softening visibly.

“We do.” Dream said from the couch, watching the pair with a tender expression fumbling with a towel to clean himself up.

Sapnap chuckled at that, the sound bringing a calming smile to the brunet even as a needy whine broke through his throat.

“Then fuck me already.” George demanded, shifting his hips just so the other’s cock grazed against him, both their breaths hitching slightly at the contact, Sapnap being dragged out of the daze he had been in from admiring the brunet to remember his own needs. Midnight colored eyes gleamed eagerly and using one hand to rub the head of his cock at George’s entrance, the head catching briefly on the stretched hole, taking significant pride and pleasure as pupils in dark eyes got impossibly wider that was followed by an even needier whine, sending electric shivers up his spine. “Sap.” George said breathlessly, cheeks pink once again as he careened his hips again.

The raven grinned, gingerly tipping his head in to catch bruised lips into a ginger kiss while pushing in slowly, wanting to move slowly since it had been a while since they had actually done penetration. He hissed softly into the kiss, despite the careful stretching the brunet was tight, almost painfully so. George whimpered softly and his fingers moving up from the ravens butt up to his shoulders, fingernails digging in and panting harshly as he opened up around the other. It didn’t take more than a second for George to realize the other hadn’t put any lube on, the only slick was

what had been left from Dream stretching him out, his breath getting shorter as an intoxicating mixture of pain and pleasure filled his senses, his cock twitching at the stimulation, pulling away from Sapnap's lips to keen loudly, brain swimming as he tried to decide if he liked the burning sensation or not. His fingers tingled and his toes almost felt numb, grateful he had hooked his ankles together as his thighs shook like the rest of his body as the feeling drove through him with every inch, shutting his eyes and taking another deep gasp as a single nip to his collarbone brought his thoughts back.

"You forgot the lube." George practically croaked as he tightened his legs around the other, trying to keep him from moving. Sapnap paused, short breaths falling from his lips as he struggled to go slowly before he blushed a bright red in guilt and embarrassment, eyes quickly looking around to find the bottle that Dream had gratefully left on the table, closer to the boys waist.

"Shit, I'm sorry." He apologized quickly, planting a gentle kiss on flushed cheeks, using the hand that was on his dick to reach for the lube as he pressed another soft kiss to the bridge of a wrinkled nose, the stretch still painfully good but not what he wanted right now. "Do you want me to pull out G?" He asked quietly, breath fanning over the brunet's flushed face.

"Just, Mh!" He shivered, the other starting to pull out and somehow worse, his hole desperately clinging to the younger's cock that filled him so perfectly. "No, fuck, just put, ah, lube on now and keep going." He bit out, holding the other in place to keep him from pulling out. "Hurry."

Sapnap groaned at the already fucked out expression, noting to himself to ask later about what the other was thinking about, already having an inkling despite not being a mind reader. He is so easy to read sometimes. He thought as brown eyes snapped back open to stare at him vulnerably, pupils still wide as chocolate pools shimmered brilliantly, taking his breath away again. A keen brought him back to his senses, George's eye's squeezing shut again as he trembled in the other's grasp, hole fluttering around his cock as a reminder of the situation. It's so easy to get lost in him. Sapnap flicked the cap, not bothering with warming it on his hands if the whimpers and pants from the other, an uneven mixture of pained pleasure and discomfort, were any indication for how quickly he should be moving. He dropped it directly onto himself, shaking at the less than ideal temperature, using his fingers to coat himself as best he could while being half buried in the shorter boy. He pulled his hand away to wipe the excess on his thigh before he got the brilliant idea to rub some of it around George's entrance, the whimper's pitch increasing and the twitches wracking his body too.

"Shit George." He groaned, staring into needy brown eyes, not even hearing the shuffling steps around them as Dream made his way over after the exchange. Quickly, Sapnap caught pink lips against his own, nipping at the boy's bottom lip as he continued to inch in slowly, the nails on his shoulders digging in and making him hiss into the other's mouth. Sapnap found himself surprised as George shifted his hips, forcing the rest of Sapnap's cock in while pressing his tongue into the other's mouth, the ferocity in the kiss driving him speechless as George took his time mapping him out, tongue delving into every crevice with a coy delight that only the brunet could pull off without words, soft moans exchanged between them. Finally, George pulled away with a smug grin that only made the kiss's aftertaste sweeter, licking his lips as part of a nervous tick he couldn't quite shake when he pushed his own boundaries. Sapnap was enthralled, from the shiny and bruised lips to the soft pink that fanned across pale cheeks and up to the brunet's ears and chest, even the mischievous emotion in brown eyes that simultaneously begged for more all serving as spells to halt his own thinking, simply groaning and pulling out slowly, half his cock struggling on its way out before being slicked by the lubricant that clung to an equally greedy hole, thrusting back in and drawing a lewd moan from pretty lips.

"I kissed you speechless now too." George managed between heavy breaths, the pair grinning in

their own world as Sappnap rocked back out, moaning softly as his body tried to keep the other in, the action sending them reeling. New, lightly tanned fingers pressed to the brunet's chin, surprising both of them as Dream's bright green eyes stared at the older with bemusement, wordlessly tugging him into a kiss that was full of teeth and moans when Sappnap drove back in, the thrusts heavy but slow, taking his time for the brunet to readjust, and enjoying the sensation of being so deep in George while also being so connected in a way they hadn't before. Whatever this was, love, lust, probably both, Sappnap never wanted to leave. He never wanted to see the warmth in brown eyes fade away. He never wanted to miss green eyes that stared at him like he built the world gaze away. He never wanted to miss the pair he held so close to him ever stray away, he wanted this moment to last forever, and he would try by taking this as slow as he could, each hard thrust sending fingernails running up and down his back with varying amounts of pressure. Moans dripped from both their lips, coating the room in a heady mix of warmth and sin, some sounds being swallowed as Dream altered between swallowing George's moans and dragging some from Sappnap, the blond's teeth and tongue a weapon coated in honey as he worked dark bruises into the raven's neck while Sappnap made the same marks on pale skin clammy in sweat that was just as sweet as the sounds that fell from his lips.

The blond was compliant, switching to the raven and nibbling at his lips when George would keen in just the right way, sounding punched out as a thrust would be delivered slowly, sweetly and savagely to his prostate. Each motion dancing himself closer to a cliff he had missed, the ledge so much higher than before but only more inviting as he cock leaked, a trail traveling down and starting to pool at the base of his balls. Those noises varied in pitch, some so high Dream was certain the other was pulling his throat out while others were so low Sappnap could feel the rumble travel up his cock into his own bones, a siren call that demanded Sappnap to make his own sounds in turn that were swallowed by greedy lips and heated green eyes that took the pair in like a man dying of thirst would water. Sappnap pressed in again, breaking apart from lips and eyes that were unraveling him from the inside out to press more bites on pale skin, small nips so hard they would leave tiny bruises scattered across a fair collarbone as Dream one again shifted back to kissing George, breathless but no desire to find it again if he could drown in the pair on his table.

"I'm so close." George mewled while Dream pulled away from the most recent kiss, panting heavily and chest heaving hard enough to shift the black hair on Sappnap's head. The tanned boy looked up, lips just as bruised as his own while dark eyes that were hungry enough to be a black hole and held enough gravity to draw the brunet in met his, another breathless sigh breaking free from his lips.

"Me too." Sappnap finally said, licking his lips as Dream grinned against George's neck, the action enough to make George's skin crawl pleasantly. "Fuck you're so perfect George." He couldn't help letting the words fall from his lips, the emotions behind them palpable enough for the brunet to gasp before moaning again as another thrust, rough and driving him into an unrelenting table, hammered into him. "You sound so pretty whenever I fuck into you." Lips, hot as fire pulled up on his neck, eyes fluttering while nearly screaming when a hand, calloused and dry, wrapped around his cock to pump him slowly, collecting the precum at the base on the downstroke and using it as lube on the next upstroke as his stomach churned, the cliff dancing every closer.

"Sappnap, Dre-" His whine was cut off as Dream brought them together again, his hand still keeping a steady rhythm on George's cock while Sappnap brought his free hands back to the brunet's hips, using the extra leverage to make the next pull out slow, hearing the soft keens that Dream took eagerly and shivering, knowing he would fall apart the moment the brunet did. He took a short look at the pair, smiling gently even as his breath ran ragged from the strenuous activity, thrusting in hard when Dream pulled away and delighting in the scream that fell from George's lips, strangled and practically broken.

“God George.” Sapnap groaned, pulling out faster this time and hammering in once again, the hands on his back slipping and grasping just as quickly, the movement twitchy and frantic. Sapnap could tell from how tense the other was, the thighs that wrapped around him were twitching as his chest heaved and was a soft shade of red. George was blissfully close and Sapnap couldn’t help the cocky smirk that came to his lips, knowing he and Dream were the reason the boy beneath them had gone so pliant and was on the edge. Shifting carefully to make sure he wouldn’t shove the blond off, he thrust back in hard as Dream ran his thumb over the brunet’s tip. “Cum for us, pretty boy.” He murmured huskily into red ears, taking the lobe between his teeth and dragging away, the sinful moan worth every moment.

George’s eyes shut and he saw stars, Dream’s lips tracing lines of fire up his neck as he came. His body went stiff and taut, hole twitching maddeningly around the taller boy’s cock as Dream gently, so fucking gently it hurt, still hurts, stroked him through his orgasm, the cum collecting on the blond’s freckled hand as it leaked out. “Fuck.” He whined lowly, Sapnap cumming with a cry of their names, thrusting in once more into the spent brunet who writhed and dug his nails in savagely as the one thrust landed squarely on his prostate, his spent dick twitching in unappreciation for the sharp stimulation, a groan escaping him as he felt himself slowly be filled with the raven’s cum. Sapnap rested his head on the brunet’s shoulder, breathing hard as his hips minutely rocked forward as he came, trying to avoid rocking in hard enough to drive into the brunet’s prostate, the small twitches showing his relative success, busying himself with soft kisses as Dream gave a lewd gasp in George’s ear, going still himself.

Sapnap and George grinned shakily, two pairs of eyes meeting flushed red cheeks and flustered green eyes. George reached out, a sweaty hand cupping Dream’s face as they realized his own free hand had been on himself, moving in tandem with the hand he had been using on George. “A second time? Really?” George asked, voice rough from usage as Sapnap snickered into his neck, thinking the same thoughts.

“You two are hot, it would be weirder if I didn’t.” Dream argued, the flattery enough to make George giggle and pull the blond into a softer kiss, dragging his teeth across pliant lips and pulling away just as quickly. “My dick is sore now, though.”

Sapnap laughed at that, warmth flaring in his chest as he gently pulled out of the brunet who made a scrunched up face, not usually coherent enough afterwards to be familiar with the sensation. “That’s your fault.” The raven chortled, also pulling the flustered blond into a chaste kiss, dark eyes glimmering in love as George wriggled a bit, letting his legs unwrap from Sapnap’s waist and shivering at how weak he felt. Brown eyes flicked back up to the pair, expression sheepish.

“I need one of you to carry me to a shower, I can’t walk.” A pause followed by a familiar and cheeky grin. “Again.” A chuckle rang through the room as warm arms looped under him to do exactly that.

Winter Moods

Chapter Summary

George starts to see beyond the bridge of his nose, but its never easy to do so.

“Yeah, you’re an idiot.” The tone was soft, shapes being drawn on both legs now even as his breath hitched slightly. “I knew that, but what happened?” He waited for an answer that never came, lips pressed together to so hard they were nearly white. “Sap, I’m worried. What happened? I- I know I haven’t been the best with... emotions, but-” He cut himself off, a pain in his throat as his words sped together in his haste, hating the helplessness of the situation, wishing he had Dream here to help. He was on his own though, he had to fix this, whatever had happened, he had to be there for the boy that had been there for him so many times before. “I want to be here for you. Please.

Chapter Notes

This is the only heavy angst chapter. This was probably the hardest chapter to write, I couldn't find the right words for half of it which is why I took so long to post this. I hope it lives up to expectations and you guys like it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George groaned, rubbing at his thighs that were aching from doing squats earlier, walking up a familiar path that was now laden with leaves that were mostly brown, the last reminders of fall as a cold breeze whipped past to remind him that colder weather was coming. He turned the doorknob quickly and shuffled inside, shivering as his nose burned from the cold temperature fading into a warm inside, relaxing enough to pull his large jacket off. It took him only a minute to realize that neither of his boyfriends, the word still made him want to blush, had said a word as he came in. Alone that wouldn't be suspicious, Dream was often called into last minute online calls from his new job and they tried to keep it down as best they could when he needed to be in a meeting, but even then the hall lights would be on instead of a cold and grey lit entryway and living room that greeted him. His stomach churned nervously, already stressed from being so close to finals week and feeling vastly unprepared, the eerie atmosphere making it worse as he felt something was wrong.

“Sap? Dream?” He called quietly, gently lowering his bag onto the hook by the door and shuffling his shoes off to dig his toes into plush carpet that was past the tile entryway. The lack of a response made him sigh, he knew at least one of them was home, even if the car in front was gone they would lock the door, and tell him, if nobody was in the house. He took a few more, purposefully loud, steps into the home, a quick glance to his right showing a clean and empty living room, the dining area as well unoccupied. George bit his lip nervously, the growing pit in his stomach getting

stronger from how quiet the house was, his nerves firing as prickles ran up and down his arms.

He made the choice to turn down the hallway, passing the first door that was open after a quick look made him determine that it was empty, surprising him since it was the master bedroom where they normally stayed. The next door on his left was the bathroom, open and dark like the rest of the house, the empty room seemingly mocking him and the pit in his stomach that ached to be filled and not left empty in suspense. Brown eyes flit to look at the last door to the guest bedroom that was closed, the hint of soft yellow lights glowed under the door. George exhaled again, his own breath warm and feeling sickening against his skin, flexing pale hands nervously and opening the door slowly, surprised by the sight before him. There were Christmas lights strewn across the room, a few cardboard boxes by the doorway, some labeled with neat handwriting of **xmas** and others with a messily written **Christmas :D** for labels. The pit deepened, some lights plugged in to test if they were working while others had been gently deposited on the bed, odd figurines and tree skirts strewn around the room. Finally his eyes rest on the figure sitting on the floor, the lit up Christmas lights in a small messy loop around him, some strands disappearing underneath his legs and trailing to the closet door that was opened where they had been plugged in.

“Sapnap?” George asked quietly, the raven perfectly still and gazing sadly, almost bitterly, at the lights that were strewn around him, flinching at the sound of his voice. Midnight colored eyes slowly looked up, his expression unreadable if not for the waves of turmoil that churned in his eyes. George’s breath caught, a rush of concern and emotion welling in the pit that formed, the dredges of his own anxiety peeling away as he let his legs carry him to the raven still curled on the floor with his knees bent and spread away from his body, noticing a slip of fabric in his hands, the item clung to fiercely even as George knelled down in front of him. “Sap, are you okay?” He asked, feeling breathless as the other didn’t bother to force a cocky smile to his face, didn’t bother to try and reassure the brunet, simply avoiding prying brown eyes even as a pale pair of hands tentatively touched his face carefully, the muscles underneath twitching as if he was uncertain.

“George...” Sapnap said softly, briefly leaning into the hands on his face before pulling away, clinging to the cloth in his hands and pulling it close to his chest as he shook, his own breathing rattling in his chest. “Where’s Dream?” He finally asked as George let his hands fall to his side, not seeing the confused and concerned expression of the older boy, uncertain as to how to comfort the younger who was clearly distressed. George’s stomach began to twist painfully, indecision dragging out the painful feelings.

“I don’t know, I just got here.” He answered quietly, hands fiddling together nervously. Sapnap’s gaze flicked back up, disbelief in his gaze but before he could open his mouth to ask, George continued quickly as the somber mood welled in the room, almost choking in how overpowering it was. “My class ended early today so I just came over after.” He explained, scooting closer to Sapnap and letting his hand rest on one of the other’s knees, the slight contact making Sapnap wince but he didn’t pull away. George’s heart ached, only now beginning to understand first hand just how hurt the pair must have been when he had been crying and hurting after they scened. His heart was thudding painfully in his chest, the other’s pain visible but without knowing what caused it he was stuck not knowing how to help him. It hurt so badly, worse than anything else he could remember and he knew why. *I love him.* George realized with a soft pang as the younger looked

away, their gazes breaking again.

“You don’t have to be here George.” The words were clipped and stiff, not cruel but there was no warmth or affection in them. “You can call Dream and you guys can do something.” The words hurt, Sapnap was clearly trying to push him away and he wanted to know why. Brown eyes shut, steeling himself knowing he had to find out what was happening, what was hurting the raven haired boy enough to make him so upset that it choked the room.

“What if I want to be here?” He asked softly, using his thumb to rub hesitant shapes into the other’s skin, his voice thin and shaky, afraid to push too far but feeling as if he owed it to the boy in front of him. “What if I want to be here with you?” *Because I love you.* The words hung unsaid, and Sapnap shivered at the cold chill that swept through him, the windows rattling briefly at the gust that still snuck in through the slightest cracks, squeezing his eyes shut. Hearing the emotion and tone that attempted to warm the room that had grown cold and choking was intoxicating, he felt like he should, but the lack of the words he wanted to hear made him pull back more, uncertain and feeling alone despite the gentle hands that handled him carefully.

“George, stop.” Sapnap tried to bring his tone back to normal, voice starting to crack at the end and his fingers gripped at the cloth in his hands until his knuckles turned white. *I wonder why it hasn’t ripped yet.*

“Why?” George tried to keep his voice strong, not wanting the other to feel guilty into speaking or to worry about him, but he sounded pathetically frail for all the help he was trying to be. Still, he kept a gentle and sympathetic expression as he placed his free hand on the other’s shaking knee, exhaling as he had been taught from his therapist to calm himself if only slightly, timing the exhale before breathing in slowly. “Sapnap, what happened?”

Sapnap hissed, black eyes full of fire as frustration welled in him and turned back to face the older boy, ready to snap until he saw concern in brown eyes that stared at him so kindly it hurt. His lips twitched, finally breaking eye contact and exhaling, the butterflies littered with flames in his stomach fluttering in distress as the heat grew, desperate for a way out. “I’m an idiot, that’s what happened.” He answered firmly and vaguely, refusing to meet brown eyes as shame filled his limbs and gut at the thoughts that still plagued him, the ones that tried to pull him down and tell him he didn’t matter too much to the others despite the sight before him. Despite concerned brown eyes staring at him carefully in concern, despite soft hands holding his, their warmth both comforting and yet feeling iron hot like a brand, he wanted to pull away from the other but he couldn’t bring himself to, instead remaining tepid and still in the other’s grasp. Still he couldn’t feel comfortable enough to sink into the warmth, shame coursing through him in violent waves as he grappled with thoughts that both told him how much the pair cared for him as well as ones that his insecurity filled since one conversation from years ago that he thought he had gotten over but clearly hadn’t. Then gentle words finally broke through the deafening roar of his thoughts.

“Yeah, you’re an idiot.” The tone was soft, shapes being drawn on both legs now even as his breath hitched slightly. “I knew that, but what happened?” He waited for an answer that never came, lips pressed together to so hard they were nearly white. “Sap, I’m worried. What happened? I- I know I haven’t been the best with... emotions, but-” He cut himself off, a pain in his throat as his words sped together in his haste, hating the helplessness of the situation, wishing he had Dream here to help. He was on his own though, he had to fix this, whatever had happened, he had to be there for the boy that had been there for him so many times before. “I want to be here for you. Please.”

Black eyes finally met his again, tanned fingers slightly relaxing on the cloth between them, the object feeling like a curtain with how it seemed to be concealing a bigger problem. George scarcely breathed as the other blinked slowly, his expression shifting into uncertainty, glancing away briefly, and George could see the emotions in the other had shifted to shame, the idea making his stomach drop. “You don’t have to, I’m just...”

“I want to Sapnap, I want to be here, I want to know what happened and I want to help you if I can.” George rambled, the words spilling out, all the words but the one he wanted to scream, the emotion sharp and violent as it whipped around his head, throwing him into a frenzy in his head as he tried to remain calm despite it. He needed to be calm, be open for the other, being frantic would do nothing even if his heart was hammering out of his chest in the ice cold room “Please?”

Sapnap let out a shaky gasp, dropping the cloth in his hands and throwing himself into the brunet, arms wrapping around quickly and digging into the boy’s hoodie, a familiar light blue, pulling them impossibly close as he carefully maneuvered his way into the shorter boy’s lap, burying his head into the soft cushiony fabric and breathing quickly. An unfamiliar noise rumbling in his chest as George threaded fingers through his hair gently, a tremor in their movements but consistent nonetheless. George’s breath caught in his throat, losing his processing ability as the raven crawled into his lap quickly, simply reacting and letting his fingers drag along the others scalp in a reassuring manner as he was pulled impossibly close in an iron grip to the younger but larger boy. “Sapnap.” He finally breathed out, blinking slowly and letting his chin rest on the younger’s shoulder too, the whirlwind of emotions whipping through him so hard he nearly shook, only barely containing himself and letting the other pull him closer, both of them needing the closer contact. Slowly the room lost its icy tinge, not getting warmer even as they clung to each other with short breath.

“I said Dream liked you better than me.” Sapnap finally said after several minutes of shivering in the older boy’s lap, his voice small as guilt laced the words. George stiffened, trying to pull away to stare into dark colored eyes but Sapnap’s grip was strong around him, clearly unwilling to move from the perceived protection of George’s shoulder. “He told me he didn’t and I blew up.”

George exhaled softly, once again counting as the acid in his stomach bubbled painfully, never stopping the moving of his hands through fluffy black hair even as he bit his lip nervously, struggling to find the words to help the raven. “You’re wrong, you know that right?”

Sapnap pulled away just enough to give him a look, dark eyes furrowed in concentration and annoyance. "Am I?" He asked, not framing it like the question it was meant to be. "He loves you." The words could almost be petulant if not for the heartbreaking look in black eyes that were fighting with himself,

"He loves you too Sapnap." *We both do.* Still, the thought swirled in his brain, trying to fog his thoughts when the raven in front of him needed him.

Sapnap's lips twitched, turmoil bubbling below the surface as he looked the other in the eyes, seeing the mixture of emotions that were indiscernible except for concern. "I know." It was silent, the raven still staring at George's face, feeling bad that of all people it was George taking care of him. Sapnap knew the brunet was getting better, more stable and learning to take care of his own emotions, but it felt wrong expecting or asking him to be here when he shouldn't have to. The raven bit his lip, getting ready to look away as George touched their foreheads together, cheeks burning red as soft breaths fanned across his face. "George." He was hesitant, the contact making his skin warm even as his brain froze, wondering if this may have been how George felt before, stuck on thoughts he knew were stupid. *But they're not.* He pointed out to himself, knowing the other's problem stemmed from self worth while Sapnap's was insecurity, they were different even if he was still reluctant to speak about it.

"Sapnap, what's going on? Why do you think that Dream liked me better when he loves us both the same?" His voice was soothing, even as his eyes shut, hoping that the lack of eye contact would help settle both their nerves. Being close wasn't unusual for them, they were constantly wrapped around each other for comfort, both more touchy than even Dream who was obnoxiously affectionate. Still, the atmosphere was tense with unspoken words that seemed to make the room darker despite the soft yellow glow of Christmas lights that filled the room. The room was filled with a slightly grey tone, the sun just beginning to paint the edges of the room orange as it set.

"He wanted to set the living room up for Christmas, but he wanted to do little things like use this Christmas skirt, or the white lights, because you would like them." Sapnap said with a surprisingly petulant tone that caught George off guard, confusion apparent in brown eyes that opened, reflecting his own confused emotions he had refused to acknowledge until it blew up to this. "I don't know why it bothered me so much. I wanted to make the place perfect for you, it's our first Christmas together and we both wanted it to be special." He took another shallow breath as brown eyes struggled to work out the connections that had been so apparent in Sapnap's mind. "It just, I've felt for a little while he likes you better, the small smiles and private moments you get are like ours, but he-" Sapnap's breath hitched, throat convulsing painfully as the depth of his emotions slammed into him, one of George's hands sliding down to rub at the boy's back reassuringly, the action soothing the knot in Sapnap's throat enough to shove more words out before they choked him. "I love you George, I'm so happy where we are now, but it sometimes still hurts that Dream suggested opening our relationship 2 years ago." Sapnap said quietly, his expression conflicted while sounding fragile and so like George only a few months ago. *This is so over my head.* The brunet thought as he ran his fingers through black hair again, pulling the taller boy closer.

“Why?” He asked softly, trying to piece together words to diffuse the situation he had found himself in, stomach churning as the anxiety in his stomach boiled and into his veins, a soft shake in his limbs that he tried to push aside.

“I...” He paused, swallowing hard, the words he felt not truly wanting to come out, feeling dishonest by both saying them or keeping them in. “I love him, but it wasn’t working for us at first, but I didn’t want to share him so it hurt so damn bad when he mentioned it as a joke after we had another big fight.” A shaky breath, each word leaving him weaker but lighter, hating how it hurt and felt good to say things he had felt. “I thought about it for a while and agreed, we should have tried to find a third and see if it would help. It did, for both of us. We’ve told you that you’re the first long term partner we’ve had, but even before that it still worked for us.” A soft sigh came from him even as George started to stiffen in the other’s arms. “I’m just so afraid somebody would—that Dream would realize he could have a partner he could have all of with none of the conflict sexually, somebody he didn’t have to share with another person and—”

George tipped his head away, pushing his face into Sappnap’s shoulder, the burning feeling in his stomach threatening to push at his seams. “Sappnap, he never would do that to you.” He said hastily into the other’s shoulder, unsurprised when the younger boy went still in his arms. “He loves you so much it’s sometimes disgusting to look at.”

“But what if he wanted you George, without me?” The words were slow, reluctant to come out and each one like glass in his throat. “You and him match more than me.”

“What do you mean by that?” George asked, baffled by the statement enough to pull back to stare into teary black eyes, instinctively rubbing under the taller boy’s eyes where a sheen was starting despite no tears flowing. His stomach burned in pain as his chest tightened, unsure what the raven boy meant, feeling like he couldn’t live his life with only one of them. Even the idea of having to choose made his heart twinge, but he prayed the other couldn’t see it on his face.

“You, well, you’re a brat. You like mouthing off and getting what you want from it.” Sappnap said, stumbling through his words quickly. “Dream gets off on that, he loves brats and wrecks them by giving them what they want and more. Me, well, I make you ask because that’s what *I* like, but it’s not the same is it?”

George blinked at the other, rubbing his thumbs across warm skin that twitched under his motions, biting his lip. “Sappnap, it’s not the same and that’s what I like.” George murmured carefully, swiping his fingers again and feeling the other shiver in his grasp, unexpectedly fragile and guilty for not noticing the insecurities earlier. “You both work so perfectly with me, Dream gives me what I want while you make me say it. It’s so embarrassing, but it feels so good to say it and then you make it better by telling me how good I am.” Another swipe as black eyes blinked languidly,

tanned cheeks turning pink below his fingertips. “Dream adores you and how you pull me apart with your words when he has to fight me every step, how gentle yet mean you can be without using pain as a threat.” Another motion, tears spilling over but no sounds following. “It hasn’t been long, but I want to change so much for both of you. I can’t imagine being without either of you.” George leaned in until their foreheads met, bringing his hands back down to pull the other close, limbs still shaking as the situation wracked at him, hurt only because he hadn’t noticed the raven’s actions that were like red signs looking back. *I’m disappointed in myself*. “Both of you, neither of us are going to leave you because we ‘think’ the other is better than you, were all a set that match perfectly together, what idiot would break that up?” The words settled in Sapnap’s stomach, warm and airy as they fanned across his face, tangible and real as the sensation reminded him of where he was, who he was with and how meaningful they became from George. *That’s as close to an I love you George has ever gotten.*

Sapnap tipped his head slightly, bringing their lips together gingerly as his hands desperately tangled in the blue material of a hoodie, clinging to the older boy who held him like a lifeline even as the kiss remained chaste, if salty. George pulled away first, brushing away tears with a soft giggle, nose burning. “You’re an idiot.” The brunet said tenderly as Sapnap laughed as well, their foreheads meeting again as the lights around them flickered.

“I love you too George.” Sapnap said, letting go to rub at his face persistently, face turning to all the various crap around the room with a slightly downturned expression. “I-”

“Let’s set up the living room for Dream.” George interrupted, bringing brilliant midnight eyes back to him as he smiled shyly, the burning in his stomach slowly lowering the more he smiled. “When he gets back you and him should talk, and I’ll get a movie set up for us.”

Sapnap sighed, biting his lip sheepishly now, nodding and letting the tension fall away as he moved out the brunet’s lap, helping him stand up and noticing the wince George made. “What movie?” He asked as George paused before offering a smarmy grin.

“Nightmare before Christmas?” Sapnap couldn’t help but laugh at the choice, the weight getting lighter as he had somebody to share it with.

Dream rolled over in the bed, blinking lazily to see soft brown eyes staring at him across a mob of black hair that was sandwiched between them. A gentle hand rested on his ribs, fingers splayed across thin grey fabric that shifted at the contact, the blond boy smiling at the warm touch and reaching back to toss brown hair, a slightly guilty feeling welling in stomach at the affection.

“Good morning Dream.” The British boy said quietly, his smile fond as Sapnap squirmed slightly in his sleep, moving slightly to card his other hand through raven hair gently, undeniably soft at the warm smile the youngest made.

“Morning George.” Dream said slowly, a slight haze to his eyes still and shifting as a beam of light shone through the curtains and into his face, the light gray from overcast outside. As if to emphasize the point, a strong breeze rattled the windows, chilling the air as the blankets kept the warmth of the bed in. For a moment the only sound in the room were soft snores, delicate if not for the hitch that came at the end of each inhale before passing back out as Sapnap slept on, fingers unclenched but still reaching for both the men he slept with. “George, thank you for being there with Sap last night.” He breathed out quietly, noticing the raven’s face twitch softly in slip before slightly curling towards him.

George’s eyes shimmered, emotion unreadable as he gazed at Dream, his thumb swiping across the other’s side slowly. “Always.” His answer was short, just as quiet as earlier with a soft exhale that followed it, full of words unspoken. “I just wish I had noticed he was feeling like that before... It’s a terrible feeling to have and be chewing over.”

The room was silent again, the snores of the youngest hardly stopping as the pit in Dream’s stomach grew. “I should have noticed earlier too.” He admitted, shifting the hand away from the brown boy’s hair into black locks, their hands barely touching. “I think it was bothering him for a long time, but it went away and came back again...” He bit his lip as brown eyes stared at him patiently. “I feel terrible knowing part of this was my fault.”

“Our fault.” George added, thumb swiping across once again.

“No, mine. It was my suggestion, my carelessness.” Dream tried to insist even as fingers dug into his side.

“Dream.” George breathed out patiently, both so caught up they didn’t notice the snores falling off. “We...” He paused, closing his eyes and moving his hands through the other’s hair again as his own stomach clenched, hating to be the one to offer advice when he himself couldn’t say words as simple as ‘I love you.’ to the pair who deserved to hear them. “We can’t change the past... but we can make it better. We can be there for each-other, not just you guys for me. I-” the words caught in his throat painfully, staring at the blond who’s expression twisted. “I want to be here for you both too.” He managed out, the other words he wanted to say refusing to come forth.

Sapnap made a soft sound, pretending to wake up instead of letting them know he had heard the end of their conversation, eyes shut as the warmth of the words he had heard seeped into him. Still, he held a soft and sleepy smile on his face as he opened his eyes, looking into a slightly red face, the splochininess the only indication that it was from emotions rather than being teased. “Good morning.” He drawled out, reaching back blindly to grab at the blond behind him, squeezing his thigh, the first patch of Dream he could find, yawning. “Is there coffee?”

George scrunched his nose in mock annoyance, leaning forward enough to kiss the tanned boy's forehead. "No, Dream is lazy and didn't get up to make some." He teased lightly, brown eyes playfully glaring into amused greens.

"That's because you offered to make some, didn't you George?" Dream replied coolly, a glint in his eyes that made George pause for only a moment, his sly grin softening as he shrugged in agreement.

"You caught me." He said sleepily, standing up with a stretch, the edge of a light blue shirt dragging up and exposing his midriff as grey sweatpants barely clung to his waistband. George could feel the other two's appreciative gaze on him, huffing ever so slightly in mock indignation while stepping out the door, figuring Dream wanted to say something else and he was happy to give them the time they needed.

The blond leaned forward, pressing forward until he could press his neck into the shorter boy's neck, inhaling deeply and enjoying the younger boy's warmth for a few moments, biting over words to say. Finally he gave a small smirk that he was certain Sapnap could feel against his skin, closing his eyes and humming softly. "You are a terrible faker." Dream finally said with a teasing tone, pulling back slightly and admiring the embarrassed pink hue that spread across Sapnap's cheeks, practically an admission of guilt.

"Shut up, you only know because we've known each-other forever. You know basically everything." Sapnap said dismissively, only mildly annoyed Dream knew he hadn't been sleeping towards the end. He then turned around in the other's arms, wanting to look at him, and being faced with a soft and concerned look that was aimed at him.

"Not everything about you though." The blond said gently, the hand that had been at his side coming back up to thread through soft black hair slowly, pushing the hair away from regret filled eyes.

Sapnap sighed softly, reaching up to cover the hand by his head while sifting until he was able to pull the blond boy into his chest, embracing him silently and holding Dream close. The blond hummed softly, thumb flexing to rub over Sapnap's as the embrace stretched on, warm and silent. "You aren't a mindreader, how could you have known?" Sapnap finally said into the room, sounding less like a question to Dream and more towards himself.

Dream let out a painful breath, pushing away from the other enough to stare into pensive black eyes, his own expression serious. "No, but I knew you were acting weird and I should have asked. That isn't unreasonable, I was a bad boyfriend." He stated adamantly, speaking when the other tried to argue again, beyond tired still from the similar conversation they had last night. "Sapnap, I'm sorry for not asking what was going on, or not noticing. Will you forgive me." Dark eyes stared

at him in conflict before Sapnap shook his head fondly.

“I’ll forgive you if you forgive me.” Sapnap said earnestly, the several moments before that were filled with silence and cold winter morning light dragging on long enough to create goosebumps that ran up Dream’s skin. “For all we held George to, I didn’t do much better now did I?” The question made Dream laugh, leaning in to pull Sapnap into a chaste kiss, green eyes stinging with the threat of tears that he pushed away, instead pouring those emotions into the short display of intimacy.

“You know I love you, right?” Dream asked quietly as they pulled away, the words hanging in the air for a moment too long without an answer, midnight eyes gleaming at him in confusion.

“I love you too Dreamie.” He answered, a small head shake against his chest forcing him to look into soft green eyes that were firm and persistent, his own heart softening more than imaginable at the determination in familiar eyes, the warmth spreading to his ties and fingers that linked together with Dream’s.

“I said you know I love you, right?” The older repeated with a shy smile, making Sapnap laugh gently from the point the other was making, an easygoing smile settling easily onto his face, no longer cold but warmer and more steady than before. He gave his answer happily as footsteps started coming back down the hall, soft grey light breaking through the blinds and lighting the room up.

“I know Dream, I know.”

“Gogy.” An excited voice called in his ear, the brunet humming tiredly, sleepiness in his tone and actions as he turned over, away from the voice into another warm chest that vibrated, annoyingly, in amusement.

“George, wake up.” Another voice, that he was able to identify as Sapnap this time, called with a gentle hand through his hair. George was only half awake and a disgruntled whine fell free from his lips, the sound rather guttural as brown eyes opened slowly, blinking in the dark room to land on excited black ones peering at him.

“No.” He pouted simply, too warm and comfortable between the pair as his brain slowly started to wake up, thoughts stringing together lazily. “Why’re you up before me?” He seemed to slur, reaching up tiredly to rub at his eyes as Dream laughed against his back, a pair of arms wrapping around his clothed waist to pull him in close, the movement making his thoughts work that much faster to collect themselves beyond the drowsy veil of sleep.

“It's Christmas, we woke up early.” Dream answered in his ear, lips brushing and the soft puffs of air that fanned across his lightly stubbled jawline making him shiver and curl in closer while blindly reaching for Sapnap to pull him in. “C’mon George, wake up.” The blond breathed out in amusement, gingerly detangling himself from a whiny brunet, smirking in amusement. “You whine a lot for being older than both of us.” He teased, brown eyes meeting his in tired annoyance, Sapnap snickering as he also pulled away, George letting his limbs fall on the bed in resignation before sighing softly.

“I’m clearly older, since you both are acting like children wanting to wake up so early.” He spared a glance out the window as he forced himself to his knees to crawl out the bed on Dream’s side. “What the- the sun isn’t even up yet!” He exclaimed in a rough, sleep-laden voice, hardly fighting as Dream caught his hand to gingerly pull him up into a warm embrace, bare feet squeezing into the carpet below his feet. George smiled fondly, brown eyes staring warmly into midnight colored eyes across the bed, the owner blowing mocking kissey faces towards him as he leaned into a broad chest. “You’re so annoying.” His tone was anything but annoyed, enjoying the warmth for another moment before tugging out, fiddling briefly with the navy blue pajama bottoms he had been gifted from the others and adjusting his grey t-shirt on his way towards the door, a few steps behind the two taller boys.

“You’re so slow, and old.” Sapnap teased, twining their fingers together to pull George only slightly faster towards the living room, his light pink pajama bottoms hanging low on his hips with a black tank top barely hiding the low fit and nearly tripping himself in his haste. Warmth, familiar and no longer painful, bloomed in George’s chest as he blinked lovingly at the pair when Dream turned, hearing the falter in Sapnap’s step and meeting it with a healthy jibe.

“At Least he can walk, unlike you.” Dream taunts in good nature, teeth shining as a joyful smile beamed across his face, the freckles that dotted his features dancing with the emotion. Brown eyes blinked lazily, a smug smile playing across George’s lips as Sapnap’s expression turned shock, expressive eyebrows turning up playfully to stare at the blonde in a white shirt and green striped pajama pants.

“Coming from the bed wetter.” Sapnap answered with a low tone, George chortling at the look on Dream’s face, cheeks stained a deep red.

“That was once!” The blond whines, flopping onto the couch with an audible creak, the British boy and Texan laughing even louder at the tone, the pair rounding the corner and closing in on the blond.

George let his eyes pass over the living room, softening at the memories. The white string lights were tacked, messily, to the wall where he and Sapnap had hung them while waiting for Dream to

come home, looping on the window. In the corner, a tree with multi-colored lights rested. He and Sapnap had been trying to set the tree up before Dream could come back, it had taken the pair a while to drag it in from the side yard where Sapnap and Dream had left it before they had their argument, and before they could put it in the base Dream had returned and nearly lost his mind seeing all the nettles that had been lost onto the carpeted floor. George smiled softly, Sapnap dragging him still to the couch as the memory of Dream gently putting the tree up, talking to them both gently with profuse apologies until Sapnap pulled him away into a kiss. The pair would delve into a much needed conversation while George took the time to set the rest of the living room up, random assortments of cards and figures on the walls and bookshelves, the tree covered in carefully placed ornaments and the tree's bottom covered with the skirt Sapnap had been clinging to when George found him, Dream's favorite out of the entirely too large collection the pair had.

"You are the loudest thinker I've met." Dream mumbled against his neck, the brunet surprised to find he was already leaning across the blond with the raven on his lap, black eyes twinkling with the Christmas lights in the room reflecting off them.

George grinned, reaching up with still clumsy arms to pull Sapnap into an even clumsier kiss, barely avoiding mashing their noses together as Dream's hand rubbed circles into the raven's thigh. "Shut up." The brunet mumbled as he pulled away, twin giggles mixing into the air and settling pleasantly into his bones, tightening his lungs as he breathed it away, leaving no room for anxiety that tried to worm its way in.

"Make me." Dream challenged playfully, delighted when soft lips pressed to his own with only a soft tsk of annoyance, but the sound was disregarded when the lips it came from smiled against his. As the pair shared a gentle kiss Sapnap stood, carefully to not jostle them too much as he padded towards the kitchen, returning with three warm mugs that had been set there earlier. George would have called them out on how cheesy the fact they made this for him before he even woke up if not for the adoring look in midnight eyes that melted the words before they could reach his tongue, only the bemused smile on his face an indication of his amusement.

"You are such a brat." Sapnap said coyly, handing a mug of hot chocolate to George and a similar cup to Dream, carefully settling into his new spot between the two, head resting on George as Dream pulled his legs up onto his lap.

"You knew that already, don't act so surprised." George answered, pulling the mug to his lips and humming lightly at the taste and warmth, borderline too warm when combined with the permanent heat in his bones that hadn't left since he woke up. Lips pressed to his neck teasingly, making him shiver as Sapnap laughed in delight, blowing on the spot as George squirmed, Dream snickering behind his own mug. The room was silent for several minutes, the trio drinking the warm beverage in comfortable quiet while occasional soft touches and kisses were exchanged as George finished waking up. A burst of emotion flared in George's chest seeing the few presents under the tree, unsure why and being distracted from it as Dream spoke again.

“Wanna open a present?” He asked quietly, Sapnap perking up like a puppy and forcing a grin across both the other boy’s faces. “Not that one yet.” He chastised, the excitement seemingly impossible to dampen as the tanned boy shoved an empty mug into large tanned hands, already making his way to the tree as the lights shone on and off in a repetitive pattern. George watched with amusement as Sapnap easily plucked a present that was messily wrapped, all three of them were absolute shit at it apparently, before handing it to George with an eager smile, delving back into the couch and resting his back on Dream’s side, the blond having already dumped the trio of empty mugs onto a nearby table to deal with later.

Thin eyebrows raised up teasingly, flipping the thin package in his hands, shaking it and watching the other two laugh with amusement. “I can’t believe you guys got me a car.” He said as Dream descended into wheezing, clearly not ready for the smart response. Sapnap had a slightly more restrained response, shoving his knee lightly with a foot to encourage George to move faster. The brunet thought about waiting until Dream had dropped the hysterics, and he didn’t have to wait long until he started peeling the colorful paper away, revealing a mouse, staring at it curiously and glancing at the pair. “I already have a mouse?” He said, smiling gratefully. “But I get the feeling this one is better.” He moved forward slightly to kiss the others as Sapnap raised his foot, catching George in the chest with a sly grin.

“Read the back.” Dream elaborated, wrapping his hands around Sapnap with a cheeky and knowing grin. George scoffed and turned the item over, blinking at the gift card that had been taped to the back surprisingly neatly. He scrabbled at it for a few seconds before finally pulling it off the plastic packaging with a suspicious look towards the blond who’s grin only got bigger. Still, he pulled his gaze away long enough to stare at the number written on the back of the card, brain short-circuiting while Dream and Sapnap laughed gleefully in the background. His fingers twitched before staring back at the pair in concern.

“You did not.” He said quickly, mouth dry as Dream giggled maniacally, nearly delving into wheezes while Sapnap’s laugh grew louder and more boisterous. “You can’t be serious, this is-”

“2 thousand dollars for you to buy school books and stuff.” The blond managed barely in his fits of laughing, green eyes soft as George looked stricken. “Don’t look at me like that, its for-”

“Guys this is too much! I thought we agreed, no big gifts.” George said, sounding nearly on the edge of tears, the card still between shaky fingers and the pair just smiled at him calmly in sharp contrast to the flurry of emotions running through him, pressing at his skin in painful warmth.

“We did, but we already bought this by then...” Sapnap said gently, his expression soft and trying to calm the boy down, seeing the turmoil pressing at the other. “George, its okay, we wanted to do something nice for you.”

George took in a heaving breath, shocked by the magnitude of money he had received, fingers almost numb as the emotions thrummed through him savagely, barely holding back tears of shock that tried to press past his overwhelmed expression. “I- I don't know what to say. This is so much, I mean...”

Sapnap leaned forward, pushing the brunet's arms down to kiss him softly, the physical contact helping the shorter boy relax into it even as his chest hammered with a quick heartbeat. He pulled away to stare into fragile brown eyes, pressing their foreheads together as Dream stood up, curling up beside George and leaning against him. “You don't have to say anything.” He mused quietly as George set the card down on the couch to use both arms to pull the other's into a hug, burying his flushed expression for several moments, leveling his breathing until Sapnap tugged his elbow to grab his attention.

“Wanna get Dream his present?” The younger boy asked with an excited gleam in his eyes, George immediately perking up.

“You did it?!” He asked as Dream picked the card up and moved it, not wanting it to be lost between the cushions of the couch. “Is it here?” Sapnap's nose twitched, grateful for the ability to distract the older boy from the large gift.

“Not exactly, but we still have something to give.” He stood up with a quick stretch, the pink pants sliding down a touch more. “Come with me, let's go get it.” George stood up with a quick motion, leaving Dream to lean on the couch with a bemused expression, curiosity burning low in his stomach at the excitement the pair had for his present that they clearly collaborated on.

He didn't wait long, George leading Sapnap into the room with bright eyes, the splochy affect on his cheeks almost gone and little reminder of the older's former's near breakdown gone. He sat himself across Dream's thighs unceremoniously, the blond breathing out with a heavy exhale of surprise, Sapnap leaning up to his side carrying an envelope and George with a small box. Green eyes darted between the pair, more curious than before by the two small gifts.

“Which am I opening first?” He then smirked playfully, gaze turning towards Sapnap's eyes. “Or are you both my present?” He let his tone drop an octave, relishing in the shiver from the raven haired boy followed by a thoughtful hum, hungry brown eyes watching them both.

“Not yet, open George's first.” Sapnap rasped, midnight eyes swimming in coy desire before flicking to brown eyes and softening. Dream easily took the small package no bigger than his hand into his possession, fumbling with it briefly before taking the lid off and staring into the tiny box with a perplexed look.

Inside the box was a small brown collar, no bigger than even George's wrist, an ostentatious brown and white polka dot pattern and bell on the back near the clasp. Green eyes blinked once again at the box, slowly reaching in and pulling it out, confirming just how small it was once the object was in his hands, staring between it and excited brown eyes staring at him, not quite yet understanding. "George? This is a little small for you, isn't it?" Dream ventured, the bright red flush that traveled across pale cheeks that was accompanied by an indignant squeak were an indication that, while he was wrong, the other knew what he meant and, if the warm spark in eyes meant anything, might have been vaguely interested. That alone brought a shy embarrassed laugh out of his chest, glancing coyly at Sapnap who hit the back of his head with chastisement, tanned hands pressing the envelope into already busy hands.

"You are such an idiot." Sapnap laughed, taking the collar away while George squirmed, flushed from the words that easily seeped into his skin and made their home in his bones. He forced himself to push away images of Dream, of Sapnap, putting a collar on him with soft looks that ached but no longer hurt, their fingers light as feathers when it clasped in place, locked for them to decide when it came off. Swallowing heavily, imaginary weight pressing against his throat that turned red, practically seeing green eyes swell in emotion at the sight of the cloth on his neck. He pushed the thoughts away frantically, opening eyes he hadn't realized were closed to meet dark knowing eyes staring right into his with a sly smile, already knowing what had been going through George's mind while Dream was distracted by opening the letter. The raven blew him a single kiss, returning his attention to the blond as he grew frustrated and just ripped the letter at the seams.

Sapnap's eyes glimmered in anxiety filled excitement when Dream pulled out the paper from the envelope, hardly able to wait for the paper to unfurl. The other's face went blank before staring at him with surprise, even mild suspicion. "You didn't." He breathed out quietly as George giggled in excitement, letting Sapnap pull the blond into a kiss, chaste and reassuring.

"I did. I know you've wanted a cat for a while, so we found one at the shelter. We can pick her up when they open and have her first Christmas here." Sapnap mumbled, affection blooming in his chest as familiar green eyes glittered happily, pulling him into another kiss that was longer this time.

"Thank you, this is the best gift." He said, one arm wrapped around Sapnap and the other rubbing across George's waist, pure joy at the fact Sapnap had finally agreed that they could, and should, have a cat. He'd wanted one for a long time, he grew up with cats and loved them but after they moved Sapnap wanted to hold off until they were more stable. "I love you guys, Thank you George for getting, her?" A nod from Sapnap confirmed it. "For getting her collar, its cute."

George kissed his neck gently, pulling the other closer and enjoying the warmth in the other's body exuded. "Sapnap, you wanna grab the last two presents down there? They're for you." George asked, his eyes staring into the other's with barely restrained excitement, the raven standing up gracefully to shuffle back to grab the last two poorly wrapped presents, the shoddy job somehow more endearing.

“What is it?” The raven asked, two small smiles his answer. “Let me guess, I have to open it?” Dream nodded as George rested his chin on the taller boy’s shoulder, peering eagerly at the youngest. Sapnap grinned, tearing into the wrapping paper and screaming in surprise, his excitement beyond palpable. “No way!” He yelled, holding up the first package with clenched fingers. “I thought they were out of stock!”

George grinned, resting his hand on Dream’s thigh casually. “They were, but I bought that off ebay after they sold out.” He said proudly, Dream leaning forward to kiss the raven chastely. “Did you notice what system it’s for?” He asked coyly, brown eyes glittering with suspense.

Sapnap ripped the next present quickly, fingers a blur of color in their haste with shredded paper landing on the floor slowly. “You guys... I can’t believe you got me a ps3 too.” He said happily, pulling the pair into an embrace that was returned happily. “Seriously, these are old and hard to come by in good condition, and here you guys are with games and a system. I just-”

George squirmed his way in, pressing his lips to the rambling raven haired boy, the kiss firm. “You’re welcome.” Sapnap grinned at him, glancing at Dream who gave him a quick nod before he pulled himself away, his thumb brushing across George’s cheekbone as he stepped away.

Dream flashed the brunet a bright smile, his body bouncing excitedly in the seat while Sapnap walked off towards their spare room that largely went unused. George stared at him with amusement, delicately leaning on his chin on his palm to stare at excited green eyes. “You’re awfully excited for my gift Dream.” He teased, lips stretched into an easy going smile, mood improving each minute he could bask in the warmth of the moment of peace.

“Because I know you’re going to love what Sap and I got you so I can’t wait to see your reaction.” He said confidently just as the door in the hallway clicked closed, Sapnap already on his way back with one last present. Sapnap plopped down on the couch near George, lifting the others legs that were wrapped in navy blue pajama pants onto his lap, hastily, nervously even, pushing the box into his hands. George gave the other a sly look as Sapnap pushed his shoulder affectionately. “Hurry, open it!” Dream encouraged, moving the one chair closer to the couch. Still, there was some nervousness in their eyes and George was only slightly put off by it. Still, he decided to be calm about the next gift, knowing they were only trying to make him happy in the end, and he didn’t want to reward such efforts with a less than satisfactory response.

George peered down at the box, noting with surprise that it was neatly wrapped unlike the other gifts they had given him. “They had a wrapping service.” Sapnap offered, already guessing what the other had been thinking. *I swear they read minds.* He thought to himself, offering a slightly suspicious smile and feeling warmth spread to his toes and digits at the sweet look he received in turn. Another encouraging gesture was made by Dream, impatient. He nodded wordlessly before

turning his attention back to the box where his fingers had started peeling the paper back with twitchy fingers, unable to hold back his excitement and curiosity about a present they had been so eager to give to him. With an animated grin he peeled off a large strip with an exaggerated hand motion before stopping suddenly and his face falling and freezing in shock. “George?” Sapnap asked softly, reaching out to lightly touch the others wrist, hot fingers searing across cold skin and offering a warm reassurance to him. “Is it too much? You don’t have to accept it...”

“No- I just.” His eyes started stinging and he used one sleeved arm up to rub at his eyes as his chest tightened in emotion, bordering painful if not for the warm touch on his wrist and the soft second hand that wrapped around his waist, both touches grounding and acting as an outlet for the tension in his chest, exhaling and letting it out. “You guys bought me a laptop?” He said, smiling again while rubbing at his face before turning to look at the other two who had uncertain expressions until they saw his expression.

“Well, you needed one right?” Sapnap asked, black eyes softening at the brunet’s expression, one that had been pensive for only a moment before excitement bloomed across fair features, emotions easy to read and delighting the younger two. “We just wanted you to ha-”

Sapnap was cut when a pale hand reached out to grab the front of his black tank-top and pulled him close, head clumsily knocking into a familiar blond one at the same time. Dream flushed a deep red as Sapnap smiled shyly, both easily and quickly leaning into the embrace they were pulled into. “Thank you.” George said softly as he squeezed the pair tighter. “It’s beyond perfect. Thank you.”

Dream couldn’t help the tears that welled up, blinking them back furiously as he squirmed around to bring the other boy up into a soft kiss, pouring his heart into it and humming as pale fingers crept up his neck to cup his own cheek. “I’m glad you like it.” He said as he broke apart leaning his head against Sapnap’s shoulder. “I was worried it would be too much, considering, y’know.”

“I-” He paused to swallow hard, emotions vibrant and beautiful swirling through his veins with delight he hadn’t been able to identify until now. *I haven’t been this happy on a Christmas day since Mum and Dad died.* He thought to himself, avoiding emotional green eyes as he buried himself in a white tank top now, still gripping onto the black shirt Sapnap wore. *They make me so happy, so fucking happy. I used to be afraid of this... I still am, but not as much as before. I missed this feeling, and I don't ever want to let it go again.* “It’s absolutely perfect, even if the things you got were expensive, you got them to help me, not to just spend money. You did it because you love me... Thank you guys. I’m so lucky and happy to have you guys.”

Sapnap sniffed in his ear, joining the embrace with a wet laugh, the slightest hint of water dampening brown hair as they held each other in the light of a bright colored tree, the cold wind outside unable to get into the warm room that held the trio together. “We love you too George, so much.”

Dream mumbled the same words into his hair as George laughed joyfully, the sound trying to stick in his throat before he forced it out, not letting his body force him to stop enjoying this moment. He finally pulled away, eyes red and shiny like Dream and Sapnap's, but his smile was coy and playful, standing up slowly. "You both know you're basically my sugar daddies now, right?" He said teasingly, Dream wheezing and Sapnap devolving into a fit of giggles, both resting against each other as George grinned wider. He would never forget this moment, messy black hair fanned back as Sapnap tossed his head back to laugh, tanned skin with a soft pink just under the surface, dirty blond hair sticking to Dream's face as he wheezed outward, flushed down to the neck as he freckles and dimples moved with each facial muscle that moved from his actions. Even as George watched, the pair saw warmth in brown eyes, casual and playful and so fond they hardly dared to stare too long lest it run away, but it was familiar, a reminder of the boy they had seen the very first night they all met. Hope dangled in the room, smiles on all their faces as they finally went to proceed with the rest of the holiday together, a new addition to the family there by the time they all piled into the same bed to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I can't believe that I'm halfway done with this already. ;-; Thanks everybody for reading, stay safe out there! <33

Extras: I couldn't find a way to make this fit in the actual chapter, but this is basically the fight that Dream and Sapnap had, for anybody who wanted to see. I just really couldn't make it fit in a way I thought went well, but figured some people would at least like to know the words said.

"George would like this, lets use this one." -D

"I like this though Dream." -S

"But its our first Christmas with George." -D

"What about me, what about what I like?" -S

"Sap, are you okay?" -D

"Oh now you're asking? No I'm not because you like George than me and that's okay but it hurts because I love you both." -S

"What? Sapnap I love you both what are you talking about?" -D

"Dream it's okay, I just- I need to be alone." -S

"I don't want to leave you alone, Sap. We should talk about this." -D

"Seriously, just go. Pick George up from class and take him out. I just want some time to myself, please." -S

"Sapn-" -D

"Just go." -S

Date Night

Chapter Summary

Sapnap, George and Dream all finally go on a date, and the pin finally, *finally*, drops.

“I don’t think so, Georgie.” Dream said in what any other person would interpret as a gentle tone, but his partners could hear the firmness beneath it, leaving no room for arguing even as he reached for his wallet.

“What are you going to do Dream, if I get one anyways?” George breathed out, Sapnap’s familiar chuckle in his ear almost ominous but comforting in the same breath. The hand on his knee relaxing, the soft dull ache making him shiver, pain so familiar yet it had been so long it almost was like the first time. Warmth raced through his body, starting from where Sapnap’s hand rested until it had spread to his fingertips that itched for more, getting it with firm green eyes stared at him in cold amusement.

“Do you really want to find out?” Dream asked.

Chapter Notes

I just have to say, don't be too angry please. Thanks so much for reading, I'm so excited to hear what you guys think about the chapter! See y'all at the bottom.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George fiddled with the bottom of the white shirt he had on, brown eyes flicking towards the restaurant across the street, just barely squinting as the afternoon’s sun glared off the clean windows. *Why am I so nervous?* He wondered, forcing his hands into his warm pockets as a strong blast of chilly air breezed through the sunlit streets, the chill of January and the cold gray clouds setting a grey rain-washed atmosphere as he continued to loiter. George pulled his phone out of his pocket again, checking the time for what had to have been the 10th time in less than 5 minutes before shoving it unceremoniously back into his pockets, nibbling his lips that already felt raw. *It's just our first date, but we've been together for a while now.*

A car rushed past, a thin spray of water flying into the air and misting over his face startlingly, making George jump and take a step back from the curb, scanning the empty streets for a familiar car again. He wasn’t surprised to see nothing for at least 2 street blocks, taking note as the lights that lined the sidewalk started to turn on as the time dragged closer to 6 pm, the time they all had agreed to meet. George wanted to be there first so he had gone after his therapy session and arrived

30 minutes earlier than he anticipated, and he knew Dream and Sapnap would make it on time, he just couldn't help the sparks of nervousness that welled underneath his skin. It tried to make him fidget, to tug on his clothes or pace, but he tried to hold it in check. There was nothing to be nervous about, but there was everything to be nervous about.

George exhaled the tense breath that had been pushing at his chest, plucking his phone out of his pocket before nodding to himself, a soft blush coating his cheeks in self consciousness and anticipation. He gave himself one last look-over, fixing his hair and straightening his white undershirt before walking across the street. His hand felt sweaty as he placed it on the gold colored handles of the door, swinging it open and taking surprisingly measured steps to the concierge who offered a placid smile. "Welcome in, did you have a reservation?" The woman asked, brown hair coiffed into neat tight curls arranged in a way that oozed perfection and poise. *Don't be nervous.*

"I did, should be under Davidson for a party of three?" George responded easily, grateful for the easy smile he managed to pull together, grateful for curious blue eyes to shift away to scroll through the reservations in confirmation.

"The rest of your party?" She asked, eyes still on the screen while reaching out to thumb three menus out from the neatly arranged stack to her left, the right hand clicking something on the computer.

"I'm a bit early, they should be arriving soon." He answered simply, unable to help but steal a look out the large glass restaurant front, hoping to catch a glimpse of black or blond hair, this time the disappointment causing him to slouch slightly before turning back to the woman who offered a friendly smile. "I'd like to be seated now, if the table is available."

"Right this way." She said with a strained smile, waiting only half a moment before turning around and leading him towards the right. After only a few moments of walking George found himself tucked into a booth seat near the back of the restaurant, a hanging lamp emitting a warm yellow light hovering a few inches above the table. The restaurant was laid out to prioritize privacy, the next tables several feet away but mostly empty as it was a weeknight. In the end, George really appreciated that fact, it made it easier to relax as he waited for the other two, unable to resist pulling his phone out again to make sure he hadn't gotten a text from either of them.

"Did you want us to start anything for you?" A young man asked from in front of him, hazel eyes assessing him but not unkindly.

"You guys serve liquor, right?" George asked, reaching for a menu to see if there was a cocktail section.

“Of course, what can I get started for you?” George hummed thoughtfully, glancing over the drinks briefly. *They’d probably appreciate one drink, and we can always uber home if they want more than one.* He thought to himself, placing the paper down with a definitive thump to offer a polite smile to the waiter.

“I’ll take a Cosmo, a Rum and Coke, and-” He paused, glancing over the drink menu again. “I guess a ‘Parma Violet Gin and Tonic’.” He said, perplexed by the fancy name for the drink but brushing it off, missing the delighted sparkle in hazel eyes before the server walked off with his drink order.

“Hey Georgie.” A refreshingly familiar voice greeted. Before he could even look up from the menu the seats on either side of him shifted, a warm arm being thrown over his shoulder while a pair of lips pressed to his cheek, the light drag of stubble adding to it. Instantly his shoulders relaxed, a relaxed smile rising to his face to meet grey-green eyes. “Were you waiting too long?” Dream asked, the hand on his shoulder making a gentle rubbing motion as Sapnap leaned back a bit before draping himself back over the shorter brunet.

“Not too long.” George answered simply, resting one hand on Dream’s knee and the other on Sapnap’s hip, further relaxing. It had been at least 2 months since he started going to therapy and he couldn’t get over how simple it was to reach out and touch them without feeling his heart race in fear, for him to be able to smile and see the adoration in their eyes without feeling guilty or scared constantly. Some days were worse than others, but on average he was starting to feel normal and comfortable in their presence, looking forward to reaching out to touch them and hold them close. “I got us drinks.”

“Yeah?” Sapnap asked, dark eyes as bottomless as usual while admiring the easy grin George had and having one that matched. “What did you get then?”

George hummed, shifting in the seat as warmth filled him, something about it making his brain feel foggy after the stress that had been wracking him before melting away in their presence. “I got a gin and tonic, you guys can fight for the rum and coke or Cosmo.” He answered playfully, quirking an eyebrow as Sapnap leaned back with a strange smile, black eyes flitting past his shoulder to look at Dream. “What?”

“Nothing.” Sapnap jumped to say, smile turning more playful as Dream snickered. “It’s funny, that’s all.”

“What is?” He was curious now, pulling his hands away to also tug the menus over, not quite looking at them but not wanting to move too much now that the other two had arrived.

Sapnap's grin turned into a fond smirk, tilting his head slightly as Dream spoke, dragging his attention away. "The fact you ordered the same drinks we got the night we met you." George hummed thoughtfully, turning to look at Dream with a playful grin, brown eyes glimmering in knowing.

"I know." He answered simply, Dream and Sapnap pausing before snickering, the atmosphere warm and soft. "I could taste it on you both." At this he let his mouth hang open for the slightest extra second, tongue running over his teeth before turning his attention away. "I remember being surprised Dream liked fruity drinks, although knowing him now..." He trailed off thoughtfully, Dream letting out a playful whine as Sapnap's laugh grew louder, warm hands resting on his knee.

"You should have seen him at the last bar we went to before that." Sapnap taunted, glancing at Dream meaningfully who groaned.

"Oh god don't start Sap." He asked with a toothy grin, moving blond hair back with a hand before dragging the menu over as well. "That's not even fair."

Sapnap laughed, eyeing the waiter who peeked in on them and the noise before disappearing behind the wall again. "George, you're going to love this." He continued as if the blond hadn't spoken, grin mirthful as the brunet watched with curious eyes. "I took Dream to this new bar that opened downtown in like September." *Wow it's been so long.* "And he got wasted after like 4 shots. He tried to order another mixed drink but the bar shut him down." George started to laugh as Dream groaned, knowing the worst part was yet to come. "So instead he asked for the umbrellas that went into the drinks. All of them." At this George started giggling, resting his forehead on Sapnap's shoulder before pulling away to stare at a flushed Dream.

"Umbrellas? Really?" George teased, brown eyes bemused as dream huffed, pulling his hand away. "Why?"

Sapnap snickered before turning his attention to the menu, letting Dream soak up some attention. "I thought they were cute and I wanted some to put in drinks at home." He explained, only mildly embarrassed when the brunet's grin grew wider. Dream suddenly felt taken aback, breath pausing briefly as he admired the warmth and ease in George's eyes, the casual touching that he had wanted for months. *George.*

"They didn't give them to you did they?" George asked, eyes knowing even before Dream sighed with a shrug, not looking all too bothered.

"No, they didn't." George hummed thoughtfully, pulling his gaze away from Dream as a figure

rounded the corner of the bar section with three drinks. "Thank you." He said appreciatively, the boy walking away as George pulled the gin and tonic closer, surprised that the tonic itself wasn't a deeper hue. *Weird name I guess.* He took a sip, blinking at the flavor in surprise. "Huh." George took another sip, pleased by the drink not being half as bitter as he originally thought it would be.

Sapnap watched with a raised eyebrow, exchanging a glance with Dream before leaning forward to catch George's attention. "Something wrong with it?" He inquired while snagging the rum and coke, taking a long sip while Dream did the same with the Cosmo.

"No, it's better than I thought it would be." He said earnestly before taking another sip, longer this time, before setting the glass down and giving the menu an honest look. "Are your drinks good too?"

Sapnap shrugged passively. "A rum and coke is a rum and coke, whether its 5 bucks or 12." George snorted, rolling his eyes fondly. "You said it was a gin and tonic?"

"Yeah, something violet gin and tonic." Dream coughed on his drink, green eyes wide as Sapnap paused before smirking, seeming shocked.

"A Parma violet?" Dream asked once he managed to take in another steady breath, George feeling a little confused how the other could know, simply nodding as Sapnap started to chuckle, Dream following suit with a knowing grin. "George that, like, nice ass alcohol you know."

It took a minute before George's cheeks went red. "Nice as in expensive?" He dared to ask, sitting up straighter.

"Oh yeah." Sapnap teased, leaning back on his shoulder, never afraid to press up to the brunet. "That drink is probably 18 or so alone."

"What the hell!" George sputtered, staring at the menu where the price was listed in very small print, his mouth further dropping and cheeks pinkening at the cost. "That's so expensive!"

Dream snickered, sipping his Cosmo again tactfully, green eyes staring thoughtfully at the menu. "Yeah, no kidding." There was a pause before the blonde turned to stare at him playfully, lips tugged up into a cheeky grin. "Want another one?"

“No way! I thought I was paying for dinner tonight.” He was struggling to keep his voice down knowing his tenor and pitch made it carry further than he could ever want it to, not that his boyfriends ever particularly cared about it. In fact the pair snickered around him, the situation both hilarious yet almost insulting as George was the one who had asked them out on a date after Christmas, the words stammered out with flustered expressions that only encouraged the other two to hurry and say yes. George picked the place, having heard Dream and Sapnap mention it once before, and having saved to pay for their meals, but here they were already trying to overstep. He went to open his mouth again, another protest on his tongue.

Sapnap pressed another kiss to his temple, tender and pulling some of the steam that had to be rising out of his ears. “Nah, let your sugar daddies handle it.” After George said it once on Christmas day it had become somewhat of an inside joke that never failed to make the older boy grin.

“You guys are unbearable.” George still couldn’t help but smile, teeth showing as green eyes ran over his face adoringly, hardly missing a beat as he leaned in to kiss George on his cheek, the patch of skin warm and thrumming with vibrancy he hadn’t seen in a while. He inhaled quietly, the scent of gin and mint on his breath before pulling away, smirking at the flushed red cheeks he found waiting for him, brown and black eyes trained on him and making him purr in delight.

“Yeah, but you love it anyways.” Dream teased, pulling away just enough to leave a small gap in the booth for George to wriggle into, letting him fill the space. Dark eyes bore into him heady amounts of devotion, the depth enough to nearly bowl him over after months of tepid and tenuous affections, and Dream wondered if George would actually say it this time, heart fluttering in his chest as the brunet went to speak before pausing. A crease formed along his brow, lips pursed before frustration filled pretty brown eyes, the blush slowly fading away. A thrum of disappointment welled in his chest before shoving it away, humming in dismissal, not lingering as George sighed in his own dissatisfaction.

Sapnap didn’t give him much time to linger on it. “Tell you what, I’ll pay for drinks, you can pay for dinner, and Dream can drive us home?” Sapnap’s dark eyes looked hopeful, tentative after feeling a cloud of tension starting to make the air thick. George sometimes forgot how brittle things could be, how much they had been since their last scene. Even though he was better than before there was still a distance between them, feeling like scattered eggshells across a floor between the three of them, leaving him both together and alone in the situation. Brown eyes blinked carefully, wondering why he was thinking about this now even as Sapnap’s grin started to fall, the warm hand on his leg starting to pull away as Dream even went to move, both ready to coddle him.

In a flash he realized what it was, and he was sick of it. *They wanted to give me space.* He stared cryptically at Sapnap, hands twitching, ruminating over his options. “How about Dream pays for drinks and you drive home?” He asked, tongue thick as he put on a light tone, lips tipping up in an easy smile even as he raced through his own thoughts, not wanting to drag Dream and Sapnap into them. “Since Dream is always driving.”

Sapnap pouted for only half a second. *I miss them.* How could he, they were right here. He hardly spent time in the dorm anyways, George had practically moved in and was actually going to before the semester started. *Why do I miss them?* The warm hands on his legs left, now both pulling away. Maybe he wasn't as good at hiding his emotions, at least not yet. "Fine, I'll drive." The youngest relented, something unreadable in midnight colored eyes and a tentative smile before he went to the menu, clearly looking for something and giving George space. *Fuck this space.* The thought was angry and frustrated, demanding action, wanting an end to this terrible dance he had found himself the center of, never truly wanting it but now he had grown enough to outlive its purpose. His hands shifted as Dream even turned, the air that had been so warm now feeling tense and still, the cloud from earlier now fully pushed in and stewing into existence. It was aggravating, frustrating. *What do I need to do?* He flipped through the menu, hardly seeing the words and understanding them as he started to run through his thoughts, no longer pleased by the night as the evident use of 'kid gloves' ran through his mind, echoing some of the first words Dream ever said to him. A familiar itch started to build under his skin, unnoticeable at first but surely present.

It wasn't long before they ordered and had warm plates of food in front of them. Dream did end up buying him another gin and tonic, Sapnap staring at Dream playfully when George was caught off guard by the order. The air had lightened somewhat as they all made small talk, Dream commenting about how the work his job had him doing had stretched him thin between home and the office corner they had hastily set up. Sapnap still enjoyed the freelance work and how he had been working on the software for an indie game company for their newest game, even if the manager of the project was a giant dick.

"You can't just say that!" Dream exclaimed with a laugh, putting his fork down as he finished. George was incredulous how fast the younger boy could eat, it was like he inhaled it but he still had time to talk between his bites. *Honestly what the hell?*

Sapnap smirked before shrugging dismissively, eyes full of mischief as he shoveled another bite of food into his mouth as George chuckled quietly, looking to his own plate that was nearly empty, still deep in his own thoughts. *What do I do?* He didn't want to infringe on their space, he knew they needed it too, but at what point did the line start for them and end for him? How close could he get to that line without crossing it? Would they move it for him, or would they stand firm? What would it take to pull the gloves off, to get them to cross the line and meet him? All the questions made him want to shout in displeasure, unsure if it showed on his face.

"Penny for your thoughts?" Dream asked, startling the older who blinked curiously before sighing nervously. It wasn't so much that he didn't want to talk about it, he'd love to shake the two until they gave him exactly what he wanted from them, to irritate them until they made him accept what they decided he needed. There was something that felt taboo about asking about it, about the space between them, about the eggshells that littered the floor around and between them. That asking about it, addressing it directly would make the situation more complicated. He could practically hear Dream and Sapnap trying to offer excuses for him instead of them, the mere illusion churning his stomach where heat was starting to rise among the bile, burning it out.

“Just wondering how many more tonics I could get before you cut me off.” He offered, quirking an eyebrow in faux challenge, almost disappointed by how quickly Dream backed off with a passive grin, disbelief lingering in the back of cool green eyes. *Say something.*

“I’d say zero.” Dream responded just as playfully, something about it lighting a spark in his stomach, the heat slowly turning into a low fire that bled into his limbs and lips.

George hummed, taking another bite of food as the spark wormed its way around, looking for kindling. *What was it about those words?* He wondered as Sapnap’s hand rested back on his knee, rubbing gently across over the fabric of his tanned slacks. There was something familiar about this, something that itched and burned in the back of his mind, and before he knew it words were clawing their way out of his throat. “I say one more.” His tone was light, playful even, even as he went to take another bite of food without looking at them.

“Oh? Are you going to buy it?” Dream asked, blinking carefully as familiar warmth began to crawl towards the base of his neck. Part of him wanted to back off like before, only now taking note the hints of frustration that burned in the back of brown eyes, the tense shoulders, Sapnap on the other side beginning to draw similar lines. *Is he trying to brat? In public?*

At this George smirked, the expression impish and familiar in a way that made the pair both ache and burn. “No, you are.” In a rush he realized what it was, what felt familiar, what was missing. “I want another and I’m going to have one.” Maybe it was the alcohol that buzzed through his veins, not nearly enough to make him drunk but it was enough to smooth out the bumps of concern that had put reins on him in desperation to not lose the pair who had sought to protect him. In that he seemed to have forgotten what had brought them together in the first place, too afraid to push at their boundaries when they had been waiting for him to build back up, letting cracks turn into eggshells they all dared not dance around. Not anymore, not now. The eggshells didn’t have to exist, not if George was as ready as he thought he was.

Green eyes flickered pensively, practically seeing the change and quirking an eyebrow as Sapnap straightened up on the opposite side of George, curious with hints of suspicion. “I’m not buying you another drink George.” Dream said carefully while licking his lips with obvious intent, the heated look and familiar fire in bright, god damn fucking *bright*, eyes was making his usually tight grip on his self control slip. Excitement filled him, wondering if George would push or let it go. *Prove me wrong or right, I don’t care.*

“Then I guess I’ll buy myself one.” Sapnap’s breath hitched at the tone, full of playful defiance that dripped in sickly sweet innocence despite dark brown eyes revealing he knew what he was doing and wanted them to swing back in turn. He wanted a new dance, and was not afraid to try and bait them into it. At the knowledge one of his hands squeezed George’s knee harder than before,

pulling George's attention to him. He shivered, brown eyes mischievous and pleading, filled with defiance he had missed desperately but hadn't wanted to mess with until he knew for sure George would actually take care of himself. That point had come and gone but the pair didn't want to rush the older, they didn't want him to feel obligated to start up again, not after they had pushed so hard to put a hold on all bdsm aspects. So they waited and waited, feeling the gap growing larger every day until George was ready to bridge it, wanting him to set the pace where he felt comfortable, it always led back to a dance of wanting to demand more of the other, letting their greed consume them or letting him have everything he wanted. In the end it always led back to him. To *George*.

The brunet gasped as the hand on his knee squeezed hard, blinking in surprise as Sapnap smirked at him, leaning back against him even as his grip turned harder until George was squirming, Dream humming gently at the sight. "I don't think so, Georgie." Dream said in what any other person would interpret as a gentle tone, but his partners could hear the firmness beneath it, leaving no room for arguing even as he reached for his wallet.

"What are you going to do Dream, if I get one anyways?" George breathed out, Sapnap's familiar chuckle in his ear almost ominous but comforting in the same breath. The hand on his knee relaxing, the soft dull ache making him shiver, pain so familiar yet it had been so long it almost was like the first time. Warmth raced through his body, starting from where Sapnap's hand rested until it had spread to his fingertips that itched for more, getting it with firm green eyes stared at him in cold amusement.

"Do you really want to find out?" Dream asked, catching the waiter checking in on them and waving him over easily, letting his smile ease closer to the professional and charming side. Sapnap contented himself with leaning against George, not afraid to use his breath ghosting across sensitive skin to get the brunet shivering in his arms, flushed red in embarrassment he brought on himself and loved, Sapnap *knew* he loved. "Keep the change, thank you for the service." Dream said, handing the man a set of crisp bills that even made George want to stammer in surprise, sliding out the booth. The British boy couldn't help but let his eyes run down the taller boy's frame, realizing Dream had likely come from a meeting considering the black shirt and tan blazer he had worn with tank slacks, shoes the epitome of comfort as sneakers despite the otherwise formal look.

"C'mon George." Sapnap mumbled in his ear, daring a nip when the waiter turned around to leave, smirking at the quickly covered up sound and sliding out the booth. Excitement thrummed through every nerve George had to spare and more, hardly daring to breath as the other two played into it. They didn't stop him, they in fact were meeting him tugging him closer to them like before, just as desperate if the look in Sapnap's eyes were any indication. He had made the right choice. Without wasting another moment to waste George shuffled out, admiring Sapnap's black slacks that went well with the baby blue dress shirt he had gone with, not nearly as dressed up but the clothes framed him perfectly, the sleeves rolled up and buttoned right before his elbows.

Dream was the first one on him as they stepped outside, the sun having long since crossed the horizon, the night air chilly as stars shone bright overhead along with the yellow street lights lining the abandoned roads. Large hands pulled on his hips, spinning him around quickly before lips

connected with his, firm and unyielding in their approach, not letting George deepen the kiss and instead kissing him until he was breathless, a bemused chuckle ghosting over his parted lips “You are such a brat, you know that right?” Dream whispered, green eyes approving and revering, the thumbs on his skin swiping across gently, so tenderly. *It doesn't hurt.* “I’ve missed it.”

George huffed fondly, reaching up to tangle into dirty blond locks, tugging hard enough to make the taller boy wince, eyes growing harder as Dream pulled away. “Prove it.” He said in response with a smile that reached both ears, Sapnap laughing behind him and putting his hands on top of Dream’s, thumbing the bridge of skin that lingered between George’s slacks and shirt, teeth that were never very good at being gentle nipping at his ear harder than before, every action fond but painful in a good way while his emotions sang in delight.

“You missed it too then, didn’t you?” Sapnap murmured once he let go of the older boy’s earlobe, humming at the hiss from the sparks of pain, voice low and warm like a campfire. George couldn’t tell if the smoke he thought he could smell came from the pair smoldering him or from the fact his brain was frying away. *Does it matter?*

“Maybe.” He said in response, feeling breathless already before hands pulled away, the cold air washing over him and making him wince. “Jesus it’s cold.” Dream laughed at that, handing Sapnap the keys to the car.

“Really? That’s what you’re going to complain about? How cold it is?” Dream asked with blatant amusement, maneuvering so he could slip his hand underneath the shorter boy’s waistband, smirking as George shivered from the warm hand weighing heavily on his hip. “Let’s get to the car then.” Sapnap gave them a cheeky grin, reveling in the warm flush that had taken over pale features and brown eyes that were practically bouncing in excitement, the most vibrant he had seen the brunet in a long time. It was intoxicating but also teasing, knowing he was driving home and that Dream would get the first crack back at the boy. *It’s not as if I didn’t get the first one, you win and lose some.* He thought, twirling the key on his index finger and spinning around, shivering at the chill and hustling his way to the car with the pair behind him, a series of indignant noises as Dream let loose a string of lewd implications that were hushed, but not enough for Sapnap to miss.

“I think I’m going to start with your neck.” Dream whispered, the brunet’s face tucked into his neck, appreciating the warmth that made his nose tingle from the shift of temperature. “I’ll make sure to leave so many marks you’ll have to wear turtlenecks for weeks, unless you want everybody to see all my marks there.” He paused, trying to temper his words before the soft hitch in breathing he got, pressing forward without regret. “You’d like to show them off though wouldn’t you? You’re just a cute little slut.” George shuddered, surprised how quickly and easily Dream had read him, wasting no time to push George where he wanted to without even needing to use his hands to hurt George, only slightly amused Dream seemed to have been taking lessons from Sapnap, not that he would ever be as good at it. Still, he was grateful that he had been bold enough to make the first push, now knowing they had been waiting for him to do so. Smirking arrogantly, George slipped his hand into Dream’s back pocket, resting it there for a moment before squeezing hard, feeling the other’s breathing hitch and heart beat flutter under his ear, pleased by the reaction he managed to

illicit, letting it pull more words from his lips.

“Yeah? You know hickies only last for a few days right Dreamie?” He breathed out, warm breath fanning over the boy's neck and making him shiver before squeezing hard on George's hip when they turned the corner to the parking lot, not stopping until a sharp whine made its way across his skin.

“I've really missed you and your bratty ass attitude.” Dream cooed fondly, keeping the firm grip for only a few more moments, drinking in the next round of breathy noises before letting go and rubbing hard into the sensitive skin, the hand on his ass squeezing hard again in petty retribution, something permissible in this moment. “I'll make sure they last longer, I'm not afraid to make you scream.” He purred, dark brown eyes growing darker in desire, George making a bid to catch his lips but being denied as Sapnap had unlocked the car before looping his arms around the shorter boy's waist, tugging him away.

“Make sure you put on a good show for me, okay Georgie?” Sapnap whispered in his ear, the fringes of his hair tickling the older boy's neck before pressing a single kiss to the space beneath his ear. “I know I can't touch you till we get home, but I want to hear how good Dream is to your bratty ass.” Dream snickered as George felt his knees going weak, already feeling caught in their spell but there was no other place he would rather be.

George let out a choked giggle, the sound strained and low as he tipped his head back further, nuzzling Sapnap's ear while making eye contact with Dream, taunting brown eyes meeting calculated green. “Bold of you to assume he'll get any sounds out of me.” He said loud enough for the blond to hear, shivering at the barking laugh Dream made, green eyes lit with a challenge that was familiar in a way that sent him into chills, already knowing the last time he had seen *that* smile.

“You really want to try this again?” Dream asked as Sapnap let the brunet go with a smug look, opening the car door for Dream to crowd him into. Large hands found their way back to his waist, pinning him to the seat of the car to look down on him from a large power difference. George was shivering from both the cold wind and from the scary look in green eyes that knew how to pull him apart, knew how to get him writhing and whining for whatever the blond wanted, his smile composed and breathtaking. Sapnap turned the ignition on, warm air pouring through the vents but cold air still whipping in from the cold air that made Dream's hair fly, the dirty blond strands more golden in the warm yellow light of the parking lot while he leaned down to press a single teasing kiss to George's collarbone, the action measured to get a single hiss. “You have a scar from the last time you tested me like this, do you really want another one so bad?” *Oh fuck*. His cheeks went a deep red, brown eyes fluttering as the said scar seemed to burn at the memory, a phantom pain from when Dream had dug his teeth in so hard to make him bleed on the night he met them. The actions didn't go unnoticed, Dream's chuckle breezing across his neck in a mixture of surprise and amusement. “You are something else, Brat.” He hummed at the nickname, missing it more than he thought as it rolled over him and settled deep in his gut, warm and familiar and home.

“Get me out of the damned cold Dream.” He quipped, brown eyes going wide as teeth dug into his skin hard the moment he finished speaking, legs going weak. He was grateful for the younger having the presence of mind to pin him on the seat so he wouldn’t fall to the floor. George made a sharp sounding keen, fingers digging into the upholstery of the car, gritting his teeth as sparks blurred his vision. “Dream!” He managed to grit out as the younger had the gall to smirk against his neck, tongue flicking out at the skin between his teeth but not sucking before pulling away, purposefully blowing on it to elicit a shiver.

“One point for me already, not looking good for you Georgie.” Dream teased, green eyes cocky at the sight of flushed cheeks and indents of *his* teeth in the older boy’s neck, pulling away and feeling the cold air buffet across his back once more. Sapnap’s dark eyes watched him stand with unabashed interest, licking his lips and smiling coquettishly. “Put your feet in babe.” He said more gently, closing the door once George complied and walking around to slide in on the other side, wasting no time pulling the other close. “Does it hurt?” He inquired curiously, poking the afflicted area with his finger as the skin crawled below, an audible hiss escaping the brunet who squirmed to look at the blond.

“Yeah, it hurts good.” He said quickly, the hungry look he got in return striking the kindling in his stomach and setting him on fire.

“Good, that was the point.” Dream snarked, scanning over the other as he tried to decide what to start with, brown eyes watching him raptly. “I’m not gong to fuck you today, neither is Sapnap.” George whined audibly that, the action so cute Dream almost wanted to go back on it. “I’ll make sure you get off, but Sappy gets to before you do.” The response was immediate, vigorous nodding, greedy hands reaching for patches of skin, trying to pull him closer. Everything was so similar to 4 months ago, yet so different. The boy trying to claw into his lap had clawed into their life, he had more vigor and emotions than the boy from months ago, there was warmth that rested in brown eyes that was impossible to read as anything else but love, even if his lips couldn’t twist to say it. *And he’s ours.*

Dream grinned softly, the action tender and warm as he leaned back in, their lips meeting together reverently even as he kept warm green eyes on Sapnap’s in the rear view mirror. He pulled hard on soft brown hair, eyes closing when George whimpered into his mouth, the sound sweet after so long, harsh puffs of air ghosting along his face as he didn’t let up, pressing his tongue into the shorter’s mouth until he was certain the boy had nothing left to breath and pulling away. The gasps were just as intoxicating, breathless and heady in a way that felt like being drunk, brown eyes staring at him and wanting more. *He always wants more.* He smirked, leaning back in happily. *I always want more too.*

“Dream.” George gasped out as Dream used the grip in his hair to tug his head back, exposing a pale neck with teeth marks still imprinted in it.

“Gogy.” Sappnap called from the front, brown and black eyes meeting in the mirror as Sappnap smirked. “Be louder for me, tell me just how good everything feels.” The boy swallowed hard but made a sound of approval before jerking as Dream buried his teeth in the skin right above his collarbone, teeth gently scraping across bone as a lewd moan fell from sweet lips, no resistance offered as he went lax in Dream’s hands. *Such a pretty thing.* Dream swiped his tongue over the patch of skin briefly before starting to suck, offering no mercy as George writhed in his arms, fingers now pulling hard on his shirt and eyes shutting.

“Oh fuck.” He mewled quietly, teeth digging in harder reminding him to be louder. “Hurts so good, fuck.” He felt his voice get higher in desperation, pants getting tight. “Missed it, missed you guys, fuck its so good Sap hurts so good.”

Sappnap couldn’t help the warm smile he made towards the writhing brunet, brown eyes staring into his, Sappnap shivering at the parallels that were happening tonight, something about it so intimate and warm in a way he hadn’t truly felt before. “Yeah?” He rasped, voice deep with desire as even Dream looked at him, green eyes heady with desire and freckled cheeks flushed. Sappnap groaned at the sight, grateful for the stop light that gave him the opportunity to briefly grind his own palm against himself. “You’re such a good little slut aren’t you?” The words flowed, sweet on his tongue and refreshing, almost bubbly at how wonderful it felt to meet up with Dream and George. “Just for me and Dream.” The last note was soft, intimate in how loving and unfiltered it was whispered, pleased when warm brown eyes seemed to turn molten with desire, the sight taking Sappnap’s breath away, forcing himself to look away from the rear-view mirror to continue driving, the smirk on his face assured but unmistakably warm.

George yelped as Dream pulled off, twisting to grab at the blond with greedy fingers, tugging hard on once pressed clothes, throwing a leg over Dream’s lap until the crux between his thigh and ass were pressed on Dream’s thigh, pink lips already spilling sweet words that filled the car. “Again, please Dream.” He said quickly, breathless and cheeks flushed while trying to pull Dream into a kiss, the taller laughing in amusement, the sound half scolding and half amused while reaching to pin the boy’s hips, not letting him squirm any closer and staring into a desperate expression. “Dream...” He whined, tone dropping perceptively as the smirk on the younger’s face grew, leaning in to nip the brunet’s jaw.

“Again? You really want me to mark up your pretty little neck George?” He teased, nipping a touch too hard along the jaw closer to George’s ear, chuckling at the desperate sound he got in return, breath fanning over sensitive skin. He got an answer in the form of hasty nodding, Sappnap catching a glimpse from the front of the car, a laugh filled with breathy wistfulness filling the car and swimming through George’s addled thoughts.

“That’s not how we answer questions Brat.” George shuddered in Dream’s hands, fingers relaxing and digging back into fabric, still pulling even without purpose, wanting to be closer, wanting more, always more but they were just as greedy as him, he knew they were and so he knew the

teasing could only last so long. Still, he loved every moment of being pulled back and forth between soft words that mocked his every action with a smile that only appeared kind if not for the implied intent to drag him further into mean hands and sharp teeth that never hesitated to rip him apart with beautiful pain. He whimpered still, eyes fluttering before meeting Dream's, knowing that despite Sapnap being the one to remind him, it was Dream he was asking things from, and that is what mattered.

"Yes, please Dream I need it." He swallowed harshly, words trying to bubble out his stomach, tiny sparks of anxiety pressing at his throat in surprise, unwilling to tumble out. "I need you, please." They were said so quietly it's a miracle Sapnap even heard it, midnight eyes hot with fire as Dream's smirk grew impossibly wide, the tiniest glimmer of teeth peeking past deceptively soft lips, George shuddering. There were no words spoken as Dream quickly tipped his head down, feather light kisses dappling his neck, each one making George shiver and writhe with needy fingertips tugging clothing, gasping as he waited for the next flash of pain he knew was coming but not when.

"Dream." Sapnap's voice cut through the wonderful fog that was settling over him, so warm and tense yet completely relaxed, his pawing motions stopping and blinking dazed. "You shouldn't tease him for so long, he's already sliding." George made a low noise in the back of his throat, tilting his head to meet the other, a coy smile on playful but bitten lips. "You're easy to read now Brat, enjoying the teasing a little too much." He nearly pouted, ready to snark back but his tongue was thick and slow, not nearly fast enough before teeth complied and dug into his shoulder, ruthless as hands that rested on his hips quickly flew up to hold him still, sliding under the fabric of his shirt to have thumbs press on his nipples with the other four fingers held him still as he tried to writhe. George practically screamed, twitching and writhing uselessly as white hot pain bursted in his skin, gnawing down to his bones that were filled with fire that cracked open, filling his body with frantic desire, mouth dropping open as he closed his eyes even as his vision went white from the sharp pain. His cock twitched hard in his pants, lewd whimpers parting from his lips as he ground up uselessly into the air, not feeling capable of pulling his hands away from a dark shirt he was certain was torn, knuckles gone white from how tight his grip was, grounding himself in the storm of pain with the very man who was causing it.

Through it all Dream's tongue was lapping at the skin pinched tight between his teeth, suckling hard while only faux apologies swiped across his skin, thumbs digging into his nipples cruelly and only spinning him higher, already floating on the bed of pain Sapnap had set him up to fall into at Dream's hands. *Fuck me they're so good holy fuck.* Sapnap laughed and Dream's chest vibrated in what could have been laughter, pulling George out slightly, hazy brown eyes struggling to open and meeting smug eyes. "Yeah?" Sapnap asked, watching the realization bloom across flushed cheeks, brown eyes hazy with pain and pleasure, noting how desperately the older boy was clinging to Dream. *He has to be in deep if he didn't realize he was speaking aloud.* Sapnap assessed easily, turning onto familiar streets, still several minutes away from home. "You wanted him to leave you some mean marks, how's it feel getting them babe?" His tone was cool and indifferent, the traces of warmth earlier washing away from his tone but not his eyes, adoring how the boy somehow sounded even more pathetic, the whine garbled and strained as Dream's teeth dug in harder. "I can tell it's good, you're already half in subspace and you haven't even been touched."

“Fuck.” George breathed out, tongue painfully clumsy as sharp words, ones that would land him deeper into trouble and give him more. He only could wonder what was more, not particularly caring, feeling greedy and hardly bothering to care for what. He knew what more was, he wanted them. Everything, no longer shying away from the adoration and reverence in black eyes that met him in the mirror, no longer burning in even slight pain from the hands that held him still like he wanted, the warm breaths that would fan across his skin no longer feeling like ashes that had yet to begin. He may not be able to say it, but he loved them and he wanted everything they wanted to give him and more, George wanted every scrap of flesh, sweat, pain and love they had to give. He was greedy, but so were they, and if that's what they wanted from him it's only fair he got it to. So he blinked, pulling himself out the fog that no longer clouded his mind in distraction from emotions but instead felt (amplified) by them, dragging him both deeper and closer, safer, to offer a tooth but dazed smirk to the raven who was already turning onto their street, eager to see what the brunet would say next. “You.” He sounded breathier than anticipated, squeaking when Dream's teeth ground together, his skin pinched between, trembling at the pain that was bordering too much, hands digging into the blonds sides, no longer pulling but instead pressing hard on bones.

In a moment Dream's teeth stopped, now letting the abused flesh go in favor to simply lap his tongue lazily over the already bruising skin while sucking hard, clearly wanting this mark to be dark enough to last for a week. He felt drunk on the needy hands that went back to tugging him desperately and the sounds that fell from the brunet's lips only driving him to press until he broke, knowing George would love every moment. Still, he had to pace himself, they still needed to talk, talk about the next scene and go back over limits. He couldn't get too ahead of himself like before when they first met George, couldn't work so hard to build foundations only for the bridges that connected them to be shoddily assembled. He pressed harder on the older boy's chest, moaning at the particularly loud groan George made, finally ripping his hands away to tangle into fluffy brown hair and tip his head, lips finally pulling off the boy's shoulder.

George had hardly a moment to take in a breath, feeling dizzy at the dull throbbing pain in his shoulder when the other's teeth pulled away and tongue stopped, the one breath he had gotten in was shaky and shallow before lips crashed into his, pushy and insisting as he was pushed against the seat, back flat and Dream leaning over him. The other was carefully maneuvering his head until Dream could shove his tongue down the older boys throat, drinking each heady whimper in as George started to go fuzzy again, bringing his hips up to grind against the other while hardly able to think with the lack of air, thrumming happily in every moment that consumed him. He jumped when a second set of hands, warm and playful, grazed along his exposed skin on his sides, shirt riding up from when Dream pinned him down. He whimpered into Dream's mouth, needing air, the other smirking darkly before pulling back, both panting hard. “Dream.” He breathed out, lips shiny and bruised already. “Please.”

“You always beg, but never for anything.” The other laughed, swooping down for another bruising kiss, fingertips hot and heavy as they threaded into his hair further, the soft skin of Dream's wrists resting warmly against his cheeks while he leaned into the touch. He made a soft sound as Sapnap's fingertips continued to dance up and down his sides, light and teasing where Dream's were firm, his attention split between the two. Just as his tongue started to feel thick with the lack of air Dream pulled back again, looking more disheveled than before, his smirk dangerous and enticing as he moved further away, brilliant green eyes never leaving his and holding George in place, panting quickly. “What do you want Gogy?” There was only one answer, sometimes he

wondered if there would ever be a different answer, if one day they would finally have had their fill of each other and would learn to ask new questions, plead out new wants.

“You both.” He licked his lips, the action slow as he glanced into hungry warm black eyes, shuddering at the lazy but toothy smile Sapnap gave him before dragging his fingers up his sides, sending his hands shooting up wrap around the teasing tanned wrist and Dream’s hair. He exhaled shakily, the motion fragile and warm, so warm without remorse or guilt. He grinned, wondering if he looked half as fucked out as he felt from so little but so much, the air tangible with both affection and desire George could practically choke on it, his throat closing up and making words hard but in a different way, *a better way* he thoughts to himself as he dragged his thumb across the younger boy’s wrists, exhaling again without remembering if he had breathed in, grip in dirty blond locks relaxing. He shifted, rolling his hips up against Dream’s teasingly, gasping excitedly at the low growls he got from the pair, eyes rolling back already as the blond already started moving back towards his neck, energy thrumming beneath his skin as the last words slipped through, the squeeze around his own wrist as Sapnap moved showing they mattered, that he knew what was under those words, the depth of his affections.

“Always you both, and always more.”

“George?” He blinked slowly, brown eyes lazily blinking as a pleasant soreness greeted him like an old friend. He made an unintelligible sound in the back of his throat, low and raspy in a way that made Sapnap smirk with smug certainty. *Oh Please.* George’s expression seemed to say, hurrying the raven along as Dream’s hands drew large circles on the side of his thighs, the patterns slow and gentle, almost enough to lull him back to sleep. “Babe, I need you to wake up a bit.”

“No.” He finally said, already making a face at how sore his throat was, Sapnap’s hand coming up to cup his neck gently, something too delighted to be sympathy flitting behind dark eyes that were firm enough to make him groan, shifting enough for Dream’s hand to fall off. “What?”

Lips traveled across the shell of his ear, warm and hot breath fanning over the sensitive skin and making him shiver painfully, feeling all the bruises on his neck and thighs from the violent tremor. A fond chuckle rang down his spine from Dream’s lips at his actions, always amused by him. “We need to talk about the next time you wanna scene George, since you couldn’t stop begging for more last night.” He hummed smugly at that, the motion less painful than talking.

“Let's talk then.”

Chapter End Notes

Edging it Written form is too much fun apparently. So the next chapter is the last part

and I'm super torn about it, I love that I get to share this story with you all but Jesus Christ I love this series so much its hard to part with it. Thanks for reading, and the next chapter is probably my favorite smut scene I've written so I really hope y'all will enjoy it too.

Thanks again for being here for this journey, means a lot. Can't wait to see you all here again on the 8th when the last chapter goes live. <33

Finish Line

Chapter Summary

They finally scene again, and its emotional.

“George, what are we going to do with you?” Dream asked, the tone meant to be mocking but too fond and it made George’s chest clench, but not with pain like before- the memory itself was potent enough, but it was followed up by a sweet and chaste kiss. “Such a sweet little Brat.”

Chapter Notes

I'm not crying you are. I'll see you all at the bottom. <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They started slower than they usually did, George on the bed on his back as Dream pressed hurried but small kisses to his lips and face, sometimes the boy’s stubble tickling and making him laugh when they rubbed at his jawline near his ear only to be pulled into another kiss that swallowed the noises eagerly. “Dream, let him breathe for a second.” Sapnap said gently as his hands threaded into both brown and blond hair, affectionately pushing their hair back after it started getting in the way from hurried kisses, humming as Dream pulled back only slightly. George was already nearly breathless, excitement coursing through his veins as any nervousness fell away and he looked into amused black eyes that carried just as much excitement as he felt.

“Green for go, red for stop, and I’ll say yellow if I need to slow down or check in.” George said eagerly with a smug smile, unsurprised by the twin groans of amused annoyance with matching smiles. Sapnap tightened his grip in brown hair, twisting slightly to create more tension as Dream lowered his hips and sat gingerly on the smaller boy’s, pinning him down somewhat while also being careful enough to avoid crushing him. Green eyes twinkled at him, slowly growing harder, familiar enough it made George want to both scream and act out more knowing Dream would give him what he wanted. Before he could open his mouth again to do exactly that, the hand in his hair twisted his head to look into bemused dark eyes, smug and knowing, as if Sapnap wouldn’t know exactly what he would do.

“I said for Dream to give you space to breathe, not speak. I also didn’t ask you a question George.” Sapnap paused, relaxing his grip only slightly to pull back harder, nowhere near as hard as Dream could but it was more than enough to make George’s vision blur for a fraction of a second before quickly refocusing on a shit-eating smirk from the pair of them, Dream’s showing only slightly more teeth. “Are you already trying to rush us?” The words came out soft, curious with hints of

danger behind them that George knew to try and avoid, bratting at Sapnap hardly ever got him the results he wanted, not with his questions.

He whined deep in his throat, biting his bottom lip in a way that he knew wouldn't change what the two above him would do, but the flare of desire in their eyes was a satisfying enough response to make him comply. "I'm sorry." He offered in an innocent tone that wasn't bought at all. Dream brought his hands down to rest on George's ribcage, touch light and hardly noticeable between the shirt he still had on, and slowly moving down to his sides.

"That's not what Sapnap asked, Brat." The words tasted sweet on Dream's tongue that flitted out to lick his lips, admiring the already flushed Brit beneath him from simple kissing and light hair pulling. He was a delight to pull apart, and Dream wanted to take his time tonight to bring him there since it had been so long since they had been able to do so. "Answer his question." The older's throat bobbed as he swallowed, no hints of nerves in pretty brown eyes, only energy that seemed to vibrate through the room. *I can afford to be a bit rough then.*

A flash of defiance, brilliant and coy, flashed across the shorter's face. "I did, and I apologiz-Ah!" He cut off with a loud cry as Dream, already guessing that George wouldn't follow instructions, dug his fingers into the boy's side hard, pressing down on the space between his ribs ruthlessly. Brown eyes squeezed shut as his breathing picked up and hissed whined and whimpered escaped him as the skin on either side of him were squeezed painfully hard, and he couldn't trying to squirm away, but the weight on his hips kept him from moving out of an unyielding grip until he was panting. Slowly the grip lightened until thumbs were rubbing slow, but still deep, circles into the newly sensitized skin that made his fingers tangle into the clean sheets below him as sparks of pain and light pleasure were rubbed in.

"Try again, what did I ask you George?" Sapnap picked up where Dream left off, tugging at soft brown hair lightly as George came down from a small pain high, eyes already slightly shiny and absolutely breathtaking. A pink tongue came out to lick at plump lips and all Sapnap wanted to do was press his own against them, kissing the handsome brunet until he was truly speechless and pliable, maybe he would one day, but he held back in favor of an answer that would surely be more satisfying in the end.

"I was trying to rush you, I'm sorry Sir." George finally answered, surprised by how heavy and heady the fog in his brain had grown already, only distantly wondering if the growing affection for the pair had a part in making every action between them all more intense, more potent for him to be so far in already. The notion didn't make it any easier when the hand in his hair relaxed and dropped to cup his chin delicately to pull him into a tender kiss, shuddering and his hands impulsively reaching out for Dream's hands, only finding the other's thighs and squeezing softly in need as the blond's hands continued the heavy petting on his sides.

"Good boy." The raven mused as he pulled away, chuckling at the whimper that stayed in the

brunet's throat. "Don't rush us George, and we'll make sure you get everything you deserve tonight." The low tone made a pit of heat flare in George, brown eyes lighting with desire as he nodded in understanding, fingers still twitching in need. "Now tell me, what are your safe words." A puzzled expression made its way onto pale features and Dream smirked, shaking his head as Sappnap sighed in disapproval while digging his fingers in slightly under the other's jaw, enough to be a threat. "I asked a question Brat, be good for me and answer it." Tanned fingers ran lightly across sensitive and red skin, urging him to answer instead of staring dumbly.

"Red for stop, Yellow for slow down or check in, Green means I'm good for when you check in." He answered quickly, practically purring as the digits on his cheek tapped twice in approval with similar words following.

"I'm going to get our rope, have fun with him Dream." Sappnap said as he deposited one last kiss on the brunet's forehead before stepping off the bed while Dream leaned back in, catching plump lips between his teeth as his hands fumbled with the hem of a blue shirt, fingertips grazing over the exposed skin lightly to draw out soft whimpers and pants.

"You make the cutest sounds you know." Dream rasped between kisses. He nipped at the other lips slowly while teasingly pulling the other's shirt up higher and higher, taking care to leave feather light touches on the soft skin and relishing in the sounds the smaller made between slightly parted lips, only lending credence to his words. "We haven't even taken your clothes off and you're already a mess for us." He added with a harsh nip to the boy's ear and elicited a sharp cry that sent the blond into a fever. "A perfect little slut aren't you?" Another harsh bite, this time to the sensitive skin just under his ear and pulling out another cry, this one more desperate and wavering slightly. "Say it."

"Yes!" George keened, legs trembling as his hands ghosted across the broad shoulders of the taller, digging in at the two sharp bites, no doubt leaving indents from his fingernails. "I'm a slut." Dream groaned approvingly as he worked to make light colored bite marks on the boy's neck, pulling away only to peel the shirt off and letting his hands splay across the pale skin that was hot and twitching before pulling him into a rough kiss once again. George moaned softly into the kiss, dragging his fingers down the other's back teasingly, eyes fluttering at the low growl he got in response. "Dream." He whispered as they pulled apart, green eyes staring into his hotly, quickly leaning up to tangle his fingers into blond hair and pull him into another kiss where George bit at the other's lip, his thumb swiping smoothly behind Dream's ear. The red flush on the boy's cheeks and mildly embarrassed look on Dream's face made the brunet grin and pull back. "You're pretty when you blush." He said softly as Sappnap walked back into the room who quirked an eyebrow.

"He really is." Sappnap agreed, holding several lengths of black rope, 2 candles, and a large strip of black cloth before depositing them on a nearby side table.

Dream looked over his shoulder with a sigh, pulling George's hair deliciously hard and being

rewarded with a sharp cry he had become so fond of and missed in the last few months, the sound of a hardly satisfied masochist, one that wanted more. “You shouldn’t tease me George.” He mumbled in gentle warning, standing up so Sapnap could do the complicated part, noting the other had already pulled his shirt off and figuring he might as well join him. George grinned at the blonde, shivering as Dream pulled off of him and left him cold on the bed while midnight colored eyes assessed him, clearly deciding on the best course of action.

The slightly taller man sat on the bed, running a gentle and affectionate hand through brown hair slowly that George leaned into eagerly, a familiar burn rising and filling his limbs so much he could hardly wait, always wanting more and wanting it now. “George, did you still want the blindfold?” Sapnap asked with another gentle stroke.

“I do.” George answered as he wrestled the bratty comment he wanted to make away, knowing it wouldn’t be the time to do so, not if he wanted to get anywhere fast. His eyes fluttered as Sapnap’s hand gave an approving tug on his hair, the motion causing a warmth to flush through his body, before he removed it from his hair.

“I need you to bring your arms up above your head.” Sapnap requested, the warm tone fading into an undertone as they got back into it. George complied easily, the skin on his shoulders prickling in suspense while he slowly, almost too slowly if Sapnap’s eyes narrowing was an indication, above his head until his fingers touched the top a hook that had been put in for this situation. He offered a cheeky smile to Sapnap, brown eyes sparkling with playful intent, humming as Sapnap reached for the black rope and took both his hands in one, only slightly adjusting them to be slightly up so he could do the tie.

Deft fingers put the two ends of the rope together and slid up the soft cord to reach the loop and setting that just above George’s wrist, letting it rest there and pulling the other end of the rope under his wrists, the pale boy already shivering at the sensation of soft rope. Sapnap quickly pulled the tail through the loop, pulling it until George’s wrists were touching and then giving it slight slack for there to be a gap. He pulled the strands in the same direction the tail came from, putting tension on the loop as it made its way around pale wrists and threading it through the loop once again, tugging slightly to check how taut it was, before letting the ends settle between the brunet wrists. There was another pause, filled with a needy whine from George, as Sapnap deliberated how he wanted to finish the tie. “Do you want to be tied to the bed, or can you keep your hands above your head?” Sapnap asked, glancing into brown eyes that were swimming with need and impatience.

“I don’t know, probably to the bed. I don’t want to move and mess something up.” A flash of dirty blond hair blocked his sightline to the brunet, but Sapnap smiled anyway as Dream kissed him heatedly, just as impatient as George was.

“You wont mess anything up, but I’ll have it to the bed if that's what you want.” Sapnap said

gently again Dream's lips, both chuckling at the demanding whine George gave off before he pulled away after another short kiss, nipping Dream's lips before parting. "Are you so eager for another punishment already?" Sappnap asked teasingly, running his fingers down George's side and watching him jump at the light sensation over already tender spots. "Be patient, Brat, I'm almost done." There was a last soft noise from the brunet, clearly deciding holding his tongue was better. *He's learning at least.* "Good boy." He muttered, watching the flash of desire in brown eyes before picking the end of the rope up.

Sappnap pulled the rope between George's wrist, looping it twice around the empty rope space before tugging until it the other cords tightened before wrapping the slack around the middle twice more, tugging once again and being satisfied that it put more stress on the center rope than the the rope surrounding his wrists. He pulled George's arms up slightly as bright green eyes watched his every move with curiosity, wiggling his finger between one of George's wrists and the rope, making a space to pull the loop end of the rope through, only stringing a finger length through before repeating the same motion on the other side using the ends of the rope. His fingers twitched in anticipation, practiced fingers easily threading the ends of the rope through the loop and pulling it tight, giving a strong tug and being satisfied as it only pulled the center of the rope with little to no effect on George's wrist. Impatient green and brown eyes stared at him and he smirked, tying the ends together to make an extra loop that he would use to put on the hook. "Is that too tight?" Sappnap asked as he finished off the knot.

George gave a few experimental tugs as Dream pulled off the shorter's pants, able to do so now that the other was done tying the knots. "Not too tight, they're fine." George said, Sappnap humming approvingly and moving the knot to be looped around the sturdy hook that had been installed for this situation in particular, another few tugs showing the hook would keep the boy's arms in place. "Please?" George tried only to get a quiet tsk from Sappnap and a vicious pinch to his thighs that made him jerk, breath catching as his arms were caught in place.

"Stop rushing us Brat." Dream said this time, delivering another harsh pinch to the same spot and making George yelp, legs trembling. "We already have warned you twice, be good for us." The brunet whined, still squirming and wanting more. "George." Dream's tone was serious and brown eyes met stern green.

"Sorry." He said quietly, forcing himself to try and relax even as electricity sparked through his veins demanding an outlet, but a soft peck from Sappnap helping. "I'll be good... for now." Dream laughed leaning in as well to place a gentle nip on George's neck.

"I expect nothing less." He said, pressing another kiss to the pale boy's neck before standing up and Sappnap leaning over with a thick, black headband. "Lift your head a bit for Sap, Gogy."

A brief moment passed before George did, but the pause was already noted. "Color?" Sappnap asked, sliding a hand under George's head, humming in satisfaction as the brunet leaned into the

touch gingerly, his next exhale slow but steady.

“Green, I just- not seeing you guys is going to be weird.” He bit his lip briefly, but warm brown eyes met concerned black. “But I think it will be good too. Let's do it.” A hand ran down his bare legs comfortingly as Sapnap stroked brown hair softly, moving the headband over the others head down to his neck and then back up over his eyes, a cheap blindfold being used with the intent to buy a nicer one if George liked it. George exhaled shakily, blinking under the dark cloth, a small prick of nervousness plaguing him as Sapnap’s hand left his head and the hand on his thigh pulled off, leaving him alone. His breath caught in his chest, the air neither bad nor good, tepid if anything, before exhaling softly, the pressure easing as firm fingers tipped his face up into a fierce kiss. Teeth gently nibbled at his lips, begging for entrance that George gave away easily, a choked noise in the back of this throat as a wet tongue pressed in, delicate but forceful as he was slowly wrestled into submission, stomach burning as the sensation felt more intense, both from the uncertainty of who he was kissing and how thoroughly it made him focus his attention on what was happening to him without being able to see, and it made him keen while turning his head to breathe, panting softly.

“You are so fucking cute.” Sapnap whispered huskily in his ear, nipping it painfully hard while firm hands ran up his legs, settling on his hips and pressing hard, his cheeks turning red once again before his head was turned again.

“Please.” He mumbled shyly, molten lava running through his body and he felt himself already starting to burn when those hands dragged back down his legs lightly, skin twitching and needing more. “Sirs, please, more?”

Sapnap chuckled, kissing him once more chastely, pulling away with George’s bottom lip in his mouth while the other whimpered into the action, sounding sweet and pliant already. “Soon, be good while we get everything ready.” Sapnap cooed, something in his tone made it feel like he was mocking the other for his neediness, or as if he hadn’t meant the words and only said them to appease the brunet. It made George shiver delightfully, wondering if dark eyes were staring at him with vague disdain or blatant warmth that only made his stomach burn in a way that used to be painful but hadn’t in so long he almost forgot about it. He inhaled sharply, the sound loud in the otherwise silent room, the pair giving him a pause before taking things further.

“Sir.” He tried again, slightly louder before hissing as hands suddenly appeared in his hair to tug mercilessly hard, a loud cry falling from his lips that were caught into another kiss, not even hearing the other boy leave the room. He was too caught up in the hands that were pulling his hair in intervals, hard and soft, rubbing gentle circles into the tender skin before pulling again, the motion hypnotic and easy to get lost in. Teeth pulled and prodded at his bottom lip, even sucking gently on it and making him writhe, breath catching in his throat as his hands attempted to pull forward and being held in place, soft rope that felt strange on his skin. Another tug, tentative and just as intoxicating as the first one, whimpering into, assumingly, Sapnap’s mouth while his tongue slipped in. He was spinning at how absolutely helpless he was right now, not even able to do much beyond tip his head to the side against the hands holding his hair if he needed to breathe only to be

tugged into another brutal and demanding kiss after a few shallow breaths. Every sensation felt more keen, the soft pants from the tanned boy above him more heady than they had been before while the cold air of the room made him shiver as everything else happening *to* him set his nerves on fire and he was helpless to quench the flames. The thought alone made him moan lewdly into a mouth whose lips twisted into a smirk that George could only imagine.

“What are you thinking to make a sound like that?” He rasped, sounding so cocky and knowing but, as usual, would never miss the opportunity to drag embarrassing words from George’s lips. *It’s his favorite part* . He wanted to scream, but only a soft gasp came out as another sharp tug pulled at his hair, impatient and demanding an answer.

“Fuck. I just, I can’t see anything, do anything.” Slight shuffling in the room caught his attention and a flush of mild embarrassment ran through him, realizing Dream had left while they were making out and had just returned.

“Is that a good thing?” Sapnap asked gently, lips near the brunet’s throat where the hot breath fanned across now hypersensitive skin that twitched in response.

“It’s fucking great.” He breathed out eagerly, brown eyes wide under the blindfold and missing two looks of desire, but his ears caught the groan Dream let out.

“Then what do you say?” Dream asked, voice closer than before but not touching him yet, the simple and minor display of control hot as hell. Now wasn’t the time to tease, but he couldn’t help it at this point, too much haze covering his judgement without pleasure backing it up as electricity ran through his veins.

“More.” He said with a playful smirk, Sapnap chucking against his neck, teeth teasing soft skin.

“Wrong answer Brat.” Dream said as George felt a dip in the bed, the other settling between his legs and hands sitting threatening on his thighs, caressing the skin gently for several long moments, fire lighting underneath warm hands. His breath caught sharply as the hands lifted up, tensing reflexively as he anticipated something. Twin pairs of laughter echoed through the room at the other’s response, fingers returning to trace lines on twitching thighs and making George’s cheeks red in embarrassment, relaxing slightly, seemingly what they had been waiting for. In an instant, hands came down simultaneously on both thighs hard, the skin turning pink as a shout ripped free from George’s throat, blinking heavily and gasping as the sharp sting slowly faded into a pleasurable buzz, more but not enough.

“Thank you Sir~” He purred, moaning when teeth and lips attached to his neck, rewarding him for

his compliance as the hands came back down again, sparking another loud noise. “Thank you Sir.” George repeated, sounding more strained from the effort, throat tight with pleasure.

“Such a good little slut.” Dream mocked, the tone making George shudder wantonly, biting at his lip and tipping his head back further while his fingers flexed in the bonds, every movement a reminder of his place. *My place, here.* He shuddered and moaned softly, making a face that was picked up by the blond with both mirth and curiosity, pausing in his actions briefly. “This outta be good, what made that sound, Brat?”

George bit his lip, the thought too embarrassing to say and started to shake his head when vicious teeth nipped his jawline hard, his hips bucking into empty air and only then realizing he was already naked, furthering the train of thoughts. He yelped as hands came back down on his thighs in the same spot hard, the pain sharper without his vision, frantically pulling at his bonds and trembling again. “I-” He cut off and was encouraged to continue with a hard tug at his hair, hissing through clenched teeth. “I was thinking about how I belong here, under you guys...With you.” The words tasted sweet but felt so embarrassing, yet it only made him harder and he wanted more.

The brunet felt movement and the slight tickle of hair on his neck before he was cold again. It was short though, as lips pressed to his, tender but greedier than before, not bothering to nibble at his lip but diving in, hands cupping his face firmly in place, *good and still*, for who he was assuming was Dream. “That’s right, you belong here with us George.” Sapnap whispered in his ear, the action making his breath catch in his throat and whimper needily as Dream held him immobile, now both of them catching onto what was really causing the soft and sudden noises. “You like this don’t you George.” Sapnap’s voice had dropped lower, thick and sweet like honey. “Being helpless, not knowing who’s doing what? Not being able to see what we’re going to do to you?” George keened loudly into Dream’s mouth that was still on his, Sapnap chuckling affectionately in his ear. “Or is it knowing we could do whatever we want and you couldn’t stop us.” His cock twitched as he whined, Dream pulling away with a groan, forcing his fingers through brown hair that was already damp with sweat, being gentle and fond in the brief moment as he was slammed by the revelations, gut twisting at the amount of trust the brunet had in them, almost becoming emotional from it.

“George, what are we going to do with you?” Dream asked, the tone meant to be mocking but too fond and it made George’s chest clench, but not with pain like before- the memory itself was potent enough, but it was followed up by a sweet and chaste kiss. “Such a sweet little Brat.”

“Dream. Sapnap.” He breathed out softly, surprised by how thin but warm his voice was and how cloudy he already felt. *More.* “Please.”

“So impatient.” Sapnap chastised, pulling away at the same time Dream did, leaving him cold again and he exhaled shakily, barely holding back an impatient whine.

The sounds of clinking was the only warning he got. George's back arched heavily as something cold pressed along his sides, yelping suddenly at the temperature change, body instantly shivering and trying to writhe away as it traveled upwards. A familiar weight rested on his waist, lighter than earlier, but more than enough to keep him mostly still as the cold, and wet, object teased the space just below his underarm, whimpering loudly before it finally went up to his collarbone, settling in the crux and sitting there, cold leaching into his skin. "Fuck!" He cried out shakily, trying to squirm in the cold air but finding no slack to do so. "So cold, god, what is -Ah! Dream, what is that!"

The blond snickered, finally picking the object up and George sucked in a deep breath, chest rattling as he inhaled shakily. "An ice cube." Was the simple answer before it was pressed to his lips. "Open George." Compliantly, he opened his mouth and a rounded and small ice cube was popped in. The reaction was instant, a soft whimper muffled by the ice cube as the cold filled his mouth, working hard to swallow the light drips of water as it melted but the chill filled his mouth, every inhale bringing the cold air into his lungs as he panted, all the sensations brought to the forefront of his focus while the pair patiently waited for the ice cube to melt before continuing.

"You are so sensitive." Dream said thoughtfully, Sapnap's hands tracing idle circles into George's abdomen as he slowly inched backwards, until he heard a gasp when George's cock rubbed against his ass, only a minor distraction as Dream fished another cube out of the bowl, briefly warming the outside with his fist to round off any edges. The brunet tensed up again, a wordless cry wrestling free from his chest as another ice cube was pressed onto hot skin, starting at his collarbone, the contrast making him writhe and try to pull away uselessly. He was unable to help the high-pitched whine he made as the ice was moved to draw small circles into his skin, slowly drifting down until it was circling around his nipple slowly, the anticipation making him shake more than the ice. "So sensitive." Dream repeated, sounding captivated before quickly running the ice over the sensitive nub and temporarily not breathing at the lewd keen he got from the brunet, green eyes dilating in surprise and lust. "Jesus George." He growled softly, repeating the motion and getting another noise in return.

"I wonder how we would react if you held it there, Dream." Sapnap said mischievously from behind him, the blond turning to meet a playful expression. "Especially if I did this," He grinded backwards against the shorter's cock, drawing out a moan, "At the same time." Dream's gaze was intense as he leaned over to pull Sapnap into a hard kiss, both briefly fighting for the upper hand until Sapnap reached over to give Dream a simple stroke, gaining the upper hand easily as Dream gasped. The blond pulled away with a flushed expression after several long moments, shaking his head fondly.

"I bet he would make a pretty noise." Dream mused, cheeks flushed from the kiss, pulling the ice cube off and pressing it against Sapnap's lips with a grin, unable to help rolling his eyes as Sapnap opened his mouth and let his tongue tease the tips of Dream's fingers. "Tease." The words were a soft whisper while he fished out another ice cube, rounding off the edges as Sapnap continued making small grinds against George's dick, a constant stream of whines falling from desperate lips mixed with soft "please"s that were ignored, serving to work up the needy brat more. "Why don't we find out?" He wore a matching grin, taking specific satisfaction at how the brunet tensed in

anticipation, body strung taut as he waited in the dark for the next motion. It was too adorable, it only made Dream want to wait until he relaxed the slightest bit before continuing. His patience was starting to fade and he wanted to dip a bit into the candles before burying himself inside the other, so he didn't wait and pressed the new cube directly against the boy's nipple. He moaned loudly as George made a choked out noise, chest arching upward slightly while pulling at his bonds, getting stuck on the hook before giving a debauched moan with the slow grind against his dick. "What a pretty little sound." Dream smirked, pressing the cube in harder briefly before pulling it off and repeating the small circles on the opposite side while the brunet twitched beneath him. "You like that Brat?"

"Yes." Came the quick and breathy reply. "Sirs, please, more." Dream's lips twitched in amusement and Sapnap shivered with a laugh.

"Such a needy boy." Sapnap spoke up, grinding back again to hear more intoxicating noises. "Always wanting more." His tone was dangerous and low, full of hidden intent that stuck and fanned the flames in George's stomach. "Aren't you lucky we're just as greedy? That we demand so much from you?" Black eyes glimmered as the boy shuddered blissfully under them, cheeks somehow growing in color as his muscles went lax, finding some sort of relief in the relaxed actions.

George's voice caught in the back of his throat. "Yes." Strangled and weak but intoxicating.

"Yes what?" A harsh pinch to sensitive skin sent fingers grasping at the wall uselessly for purchase.

"Yes, Sir, so lucky." The bed shifted and lips, tender and sweet, pressed to his, the taste of chocolate filling his senses before whining at how cold the others tongue, firm and unyielding in its mission, pressed on his and into his mouth.

"Good boy, We're lucky to have a greedy little thing like you too." Sapnap said sweetly as he pulled away with a final nip to bruised lip, making the room for Dream to suddenly press the ice-cube against the other nipple. George screamed at that one, short but loud in his surprise before the sound faded into a low moan as Sapnap moved back again, feeling George's cock twitch eagerly. "You're so hard Gogy, do you want to cum already?"

"Mhmm." George said, mouth full of cotton as the cold spread through his body, his skin simultaneously on fire and freezing cold, the contrasting sensations flinging him away from coherency. He wanted more, needed more, it felt so good but wasn't en-

“George, darling, words.” Dream reminded, pulling the ice cube away and thoughtfully considering the other’s reactions as he popped the cold item into his mouth and gingerly letting his warm palms rest on either nub, still waiting for an answer. After more squirming but no verbal response he decided it was too long and there was a need for a check in. “Color, George?”

Words were so hard to find, the warmth on him was helping as his vision, as dark as it was, swam. “Gre- Yellow.” He finally managed, blinking dizzily as he shivered again, breathing heavily. “Just, uh, need a minute.” Gentle fingers threaded underneath the blindfold and pulled it up slowly, and he squinted at the light but couldn’t help but smile at the pair staring at him, gauging his response. “Hey.” He said lamely, still having slight trouble focusing, but now he thought that had to do with the light, but his tongue was finally starting to listen to him, if a bit slowly.

“Hey Brat. Was it too much?” Sappnap asked, leaning forward enough to rest his head on Dream’s shoulder.

The brunet bit his lip, uncertain. “I think so, but it was so good. My tongue didn’t want to work.” Sappnap hummed in consideration, closing his eyes but the smile on his face was soft.

“I’m glad you called for us to wait, I’m proud of you.” The words caused a soft whine, the blond chuckling and moving his hands up slowly to rub small circles into the older boy’s collarbone. “Did you want something?”

“More, I’m okay now.” George said quickly, slowly rolling his hips.

“Do you still want to do the candles?” A slightly guilty expression rose to his face and Dream couldn’t help but laugh, charmed by the other’s every action. “You don’t have to make that face, we have all the time in the world to try it another time.” Dream soothed, cupping his face. “Tell me what you want, if you ask good enough the first time I won’t let Sappnap make you beg.” Sappnap chuckled on his shoulder, nipping at his ear in minor chastisement.

George perked up at that, only still feeling slightly guilty but not enough to prevent him from moving on from it, and he had to pause now, realizing how much different this scene was from last time, even though both times he had to use a safe-word of sorts and they didn’t get to do everything he had agreed upon. His breath stopped, blinking as he came to terms how much had changed between them all and how much better things were than when he had been afraid. His face turned a splotchy red as he bit his lip, blinking quickly but unable to help the stinging in his eyes that he couldn’t wipe away.

“George?” Sappnap said with concern, quickly drawing away from Dream as the blond pulled his

arms down from the hook, giving his arms enough slack to feel slight soreness from the muscles there. George tried to look away, ashamed of crying over something so minor despite how important the realization was, he still felt like an idiot for worrying them over it.

“I’m fine.” His throat was scratchy and making it sound worse than before. “I just-” He hummed in relief as his hands were also quickly untied by Sapnap, Dream’s hands returning to his face and wiping away the tears George couldn’t as he sucked in a painful breath, scrambling for words to make them stop freaking out, not that they shouldn’t, but he still wanted to get off *soon*. “I just-, I-” The word still stuck in his throat, he wasn’t ready to say that yet but he felt the admission in his chest and they were thick in his mouth. *So close*. “I really care about you guys.”

There was silence and then a single laugh, Dream unable to help himself when he understood, leaning back slightly but keeping a hand on George’s knee as he stared fondly at the brunet as Sapnap pressed his forehead onto George’s, the skin contact easily helping the well of emotions dampen enough to speak. “This is like last time, but so different.” George said, it did not take long for the pair to understand what he meant, only slightly confused by the smile and tender tone he had. “It just- I’ve changed a lot... and I wouldn’t have without you guys. I I-” He voice cut off again and he sighed, frustrated at having so much difficulty saying such simple words, before staring into dark orbs. “I really like you guys.” He said as seriously as possible, heart hammering in his chest as he prayed the meaning made its way across. Confused looks shifted into small smiles, Sapnap humming in understanding as Dream squeezed one of George’s free hands.

“You are so ridiculous Georgie.” Sapnap teased softly, kissing the tip of the other’s nose and letting George wipe his own tears away, still smiling.

“I prefer dramatic.” George teased back, rubbing at his wrists that were slightly red but otherwise fine. As he shifted he was quickly reminded, not that he had truly forgotten, how hard he was. He shot Dream a coy look, his smile turning smug and letting out a soft sigh, just short of a whimper, his grin widening as he saw the other two flash him looks of hunger. “Did you still want me to beg?” He asked sweetly, unable to help the teasing undertone, its presence more than enough to assure the pair he was okay and it was safe to continue.

Sapnap narrowed his eyes, mildly amused by the other’s actions, enough to lean backwards and let Dream decide how he wanted to handle their Brat. “I’m tempted, but I think you’ve talked enough tonight, don’t you think?” His voice was low, the implications beyond overt, and the tenor was enough to make George shiver in anticipation.

“Why don’t you shut me up then?” He taunted further, truly unable to help himself, smiling blissfully as he was shoved back down into the bed gracelessly. Sapnap quickly pulled back off the other, steering clear as Dream went to maneuver the smaller boy into the position he wanted, amused by how cheeky the other was being. “Sir~” The last part got him a harsh pinch to his still sensitive nipples, gasping loudly while Dream shook his head in mock disappointment, just as

happy for the excuse to manhandle the brunet.

“Such a slut, Jesus.” The blond half complained, smirking confidently into heated brown eyes while pushing him onto his side, quickly bracing him with a pillow as he lay down with his cock near the older boy's mouth. “At this point, I don't think you need instructions now do you Georgie?” He asked mockingly, pushing his hips forwards only slightly. Without further prompting, George licked his lips, only making Dream chuckle before moaning softly when plump lips wrapped around his cock. “So good for me.” He said gently, running a hand through messy brown hair, pushing it back to get a better look at the brunet.

Sapnap smiled at the blond, catching his eyes. “This is a new position for you.” He teased, knowing both parties would have trouble speaking back at this moment, and lips that curled at the edges without words confirmed it. Sapnap chuckled, settling on his knees behind George, running his fingers up his outer thigh and gently squeezing his ass, moans from the pair following his actions. “You are both so precious.” The raven added, reaching across the table for a bottle of lube, briefly debating on prepping the shorter before another moan quickly reminded him he didn't have the patience to do that now, not with both his partners so close. He swept his hand up, brushing brown hair to the side and getting George's attention. “I'm going to do something new, but I need you to keep your thighs closed.” He got a serious blink in return, Dream impatiently thrusting forward into the others mouth.

Sapnap popped the top of the bottle and firmly pulled George's thighs apart, hearing a soft snort of annoyance from the boy before it was drowned out by a lewd moan from the blond who was struggling to not buck into George's mouth. Still, Sapnap heard the brat's snort and in response poured the cold lube onto the others upper thighs, smirking at the sharp cry the other made, quickly reaching up with his clean hand to hold George's head down on Dream's cock, keeping his mouth occupied so he wouldn't run off at the mouth. “Don't stop on my account Gogy.” He sneered, unable to help the mean tone he let seep in knowing it would elicit a lovely keen from the brunet. “Be a good little fuck toy and stay still for us now.” Sure enough, the other moaned and went back to sucking the blond off, a bit quicker now and Sapnap knew he was running out of time. He quickly spread the lube, not taking care to be gentle, smearing some on his own cock before pressing George's thighs together. “Keep them just like this Brat.” He said one more time, not expecting a response before sliding his cock between warm thighs, shivering at the pressure.

George made a garbled noise, distorted by the cock in his throat, slightly confused by what Sapnap was doing before the other forced the head of his cock between his thighs, thrusting forward with an airy moan, one of his hands pressing down on his outer thigh to keep his legs pressed together. Brown eyes blinked heavily, slightly out of it and struggling to keep his eyes open between Dream's hard thrust, each one punching the air out only for him to desperately suck in enough to make it through the next thrust. The sensation between his thighs was strange, they were slick and now warm, each thrust making his stomach burn in desire as he tried to work out why, with what little brain cells he had left between each thrust into his mouth and thrusts between his legs. George keened loudly as Sapnap's cock brushed against his own, the friction not nearly enough to even work on the burning that was only getting higher and hotter through his body. Sapnap laughed at him, he could feel dark eyes staring at him as the other thrust back in, lower this time and not even

grazing his cock again, forcing another whine from the brunet that the raven shivered at, the sounds dripping right into his cock that he thrust back between pale, warm thighs. George almost wondered if he felt bitter about the lack of touches that would help his own needs, own desires. He quickly disregarded the notion as the knowledge of the pair using him, *using parts of him* he couldn't even get pleasure from, to get themselves off without any regard for his pleasure made him feel lightheaded and delirious enough that he felt he could fly if not for the heavy and hot hands holding him in place, grounding him enough to let more pretty noises fall from his mouth into the cock that ruthlessly rammed down his throat.

George placed his hands on Dream's hips, slowing him down just enough to flex his body around enough to start bobbing his head more easily, taking the time to swipe his tongue across Dream's tip and hollow out his cheeks. His lips stretched further around the other to make a grin at the sound Dream let out, needy and wanton, hips pushing forward. He also took effort to carefully move his hands to brace himself on his elbows while flexing his legs, making the space tighter and hearing an immediate groan from Sapnap who's hips stuttered briefly at the tension, everybody already close. "Focus here, cock slut." Dream growled impatiently, George's inability to focus on so many things at once was obvious to the blond, pushing his hips forward to draw brown eyes back up to meet his hazy greens, George taking in the younger's flushed face with greedy eyes, a soft mewl escaping him. Dream's hard look softened, bringing one hand down from the boy's hair to cup the space under George's jaw and neck tenderly, pulling his hips back enough to let George get a few raspy, needy breaths. "I'm almost there, be a good boy for me." George hummed in acknowledgement, a playful glint in his eyes the only warning Dream had before his cock was taken to the base and the brunet hummed around it, cheeks hollowing as he sucked hard, the friction and suction around him making Dream nearly shout, thrusting forward uselessly as he was already completely in the older boy's mouth.

Dark eyes watched from slightly lower, shifting slightly to press a kiss to George's neck, practically feeling Dream's cock through the thin layer of skin, the pair moaning again and shaking at the action, Sapnap grinning at the response while pushing his hips forward again. "Fuck you guys are so hot." He groaned against the base of George's neck, the hot breath fanning over sensitive skin that drew out a moan, pushing forward again. "I love your pretty little thighs wrapped around my cock." The words were swimming through the overwhelmed brunet's brain, Sapnap could feel the muscles around him tense and relax in time with a breathy moan, encouraging the youngest to continue. "They're so warm and tight around me, I feel so good." He heard the brat whine, brown eyes straining to look at him as Dream smirked, pushing his hair back out of his face as he drew closer to the edge with each forward movement of his hips into the brunet's mouth. "Dream feels good too, he's so close to Georgie. You want him to cum in your filthy mouth?" He asked, prepared for the needy whimper that George made and snickering softly, letting his hand just graze over George's mostly untouched cock, his whole body jerking at the sensation, thighs pressing impossibly tighter around Sapnap's dick, a breathy moan falling from smug lips.

"You gonna be good for me and Sapnap?" Dream rasped, staring into heated and needy eyes, smirking at the desperate whine and fingernails that dug into his hips. *He's so beautiful when he's desperate like this.* Dream thought fondly as he pressed back in, thumb swiping the single tear that fell from watery eyes swimming with unmet desire. "You wanna cum, don't you Gogy." A needy noise that made Sapnap groan, his body shaking at the hard thrust the raven made. "I'm so close,

we'll take care of you when we finish." Dream said dismissively, his tone growing uneven as the tension in his stomach started to come undone while staring at the brunet who's eyes held so much desire it was intoxicating, but a thread of trust he hadn't seen before tonight. *Fuck*. He thought, the acknowledgement shaking him to his core and slicing what was left of his self control. He fisted brown hair harshly, relishing the sharp cries George made around his cock while he came, gently pumping his hips forward to not overwhelm the boy who, in his typical bratty fashion, hollowed his cheeks and sucked the other through his orgasm until Dream was the one making soft noises, pulling away with flushed cheeks. The moment George had his mouth free Sapnap took advantage, hands pulling up from clenched thighs to the boys hips, pulling him to be on his back and legs canted slightly to the left, overlapping on Dream's shaking limbs, Sapnap crawling back between and pressing his cock back between pale and slick thighs as George let out a raspy noise, throat raw.

"Sap, please, touch me I need to-" Firm lips pressed lazily to babbling and bruised ones, Dream smirking into the affection as his hand trailed down the boy's chest teasingly, pinching at the pale skin hard until he tried to squirm away, only meeting the mattress. "Dream." He breathed out as the mentioned boy pulled away to let him breathe, his fingers still working their way down and pinching George's skin as he played with the sensitive boy. "Please, I need-"

"Shut up Georgie." Dream mumbled lovingly in George's ear, nipping his earlobe and sending George reeling, eyes rolling up into his head and shutting his eyes with a pathetic moan, limbs losing what fight they had left. Dream and Sapnap grinned, the blond ruthlessly biting down on George's neck and drinking the near scream in with a shiver, holding the pale boy still as Sapnap rutted into the brunet's thighs frantically, hardly bothering with a rhythm.

George nearly screamed again when Sapnap wrapped his fingers around his cock and rutted forward again, the motions in tandem. *Fuck more, more please I need more*. The brunet forced his eyes open, meeting hungry dark eyes staring at him as he pushed forward again with enough force to jostle him forward while stroking him once, squeezing so hard it was nearly painful, a desperate sound escaping his lips when Dream nibbled his collarbone. "Brat." The word sounded so sweet when it came from them, the word resting in his tense chest and furling out until even his fingertips twitched in emotion, keeping his eyes on midnight colored eyes that were ready to devour him whole, the power dynamic enough to catch his breath in his bruised throat. "You wanna cum?" He nodded eagerly, hearing Dream snicker along his skin in amusement before teeth sank in once more, shaking and closing his eyes to moan again, low in his chest. "Answer me, you know that's not a good enough answer." Sapnap demanded, the hand on his cock stopping even as Sapnap continued using his thighs, the tip of his cock sometimes grazing against his while he struggled for words. After a heartbeat too long, Sapnap was ready to call for a color check when lips that were open in a moan tilted up into a brief smug smile indicated George was willfully not speaking, brown eyes that flit open with a hint of brattiness still there. His breath caught before smiling dangerously, pulling his hand away to lean forward and rest one hand on a pale cheek. "I don't have to let you cum, I'll finish and leave you hard and begging for more." Brown eyes faltered, already opening his mouth before Dream brought him into a kiss, leaving Sapnap all the space he wanted to speak. "I won't let you though, you'll have to wait until Dream or I want to go again, then maybe if you beg prettily enough I'll let you." A high pitched whine filled the room, Sapnap shutting his eyes and nearly losing it, trailing his second hand to press hard on George's hip, the pressure mean and painful enough to make the other immediately squirming and pulling away from

Dream to whine out. “Beg me brat, or I’ll fucking do it.”

“Sap, Sir, please I want to cum please.” He muttered meekly, the strained but still all to presently playful look in his eyes only driving Sapnap further, Dream nipping at his ears and pinching hard at the skin above George’s ribs.

“You can do better than that.” Sapnap pushed, eyes like pools of tar with how hot they burned, the fire seeping into George’s bones that already felt like a pyre with how long it had been to build to this point, his resolve to brat crumbling as he could feel the taller boy’s hips and thrusts becoming less stable, realizing if he didn’t say it now they really would make him wait, and that alone would drive him mad. *It would be hot too... but not today.*

“Sir, please, I need to cum. I’m-Fuck!” he cut off at the savage twist Dream made to his skin on his ribs, pain blooming and ebbing into the rest of his body, eyes fluttering before returning to Sapnap’s with great effort, breath growing shorter. “Sir please let me cum, I’ll be good I promise please Sap, Dream I need it.” His voice trailed off into a wail as Sapnap returned his hand, stroking him quickly and running a thumb over his head while Dream bit at his neck again, body tensing so much it hurt so good. “Thank you, please Sap, I-” Sapnap pressed their lips together, swallowing the needy and desperate noises with pleasure, only pressing his cock between pale thighs a few more times. The one hand on George’s hip pulled away to spread his legs apart before vanishing again, the brunet making a brief noise of surprise before he felt spots of warmth bloom across his thighs and abdomen, one even on his balls while Sapnap groaned into his mouth, teeth nipping at his lips harshly, demanding submission which the brunet gave eagerly.

George’s eyes squinted shut, panting softly as Sapnap pulled away while still stroking him quickly, squirming in a firm grip. “Fuck, so close.” He whined out, Dream kissing his neck sweetly as Sapnap pressed down hard on his hip again, pushing some of his body weight into it, eyes watering at the pain that only made his cock leak. “Ow, fuck ow that hurts please can I cum, please ow.” He babbled into the air, eyes shut as he writhed uselessly, soft lips pulling away to kiss his earlobe.

“What are you?” Dream asked playfully, green eyes coy and teasing, Sapnap sparing a glance away from a pleasure filled face to stare in similar amusement at the blond, rubbing his thumb over George’s head on an upstroke. *Brat or slut, which one is he going to say?* They seemed to ask, waiting eagerly for the answer.

The tension in George’s chest burst, falling apart beautifully at the seams as heat flared through his body, barely holding back an orgasm that threatened to bubble past despite his effort. He tipped his head back, body tense and shaking with the effort as he spoke. “I’m yours, oh fuck, I’m yours please can I-” Lips crashed into his, the other pressing reverently on his neck, the hard and mean hands vanishing to gently caress him, the sudden shift too much, to much. He went stiff in their arms, nearly sobbing into Sapnap’s mouth while he came over the other boy’s hands, trembling and squirming the entire time. Slowly he started to whimper into the Sapnap’s mouth, biting

insistently on his lips as he didn't stop stroking, slowing down incrementally. Dark eyes watched the brunet's face, drinking in the breathy whimpers and mewls that George made as he still let his hand stroke his oversensitive cock, finally pulling away to let George speak. "Too much, Sap, please stop." He cried, a healthy flush over his chest as he nearly hiccuped, the sensation overwhelming and making him shiver beautifully, too overwhelmed to open his eyes and just writhing submissively on the bed with twitching limbs. Dream snickered softly, reaching down and wrapping his hand around Sapnap's and hearing the smaller boy sob. "Stop too much please."

"You're so pretty when you beg." Dream whispered softly, pulling Sapnap's hand away and bringing it to his face, licking the cum left there off sweetly before being tugged into a kiss by the raven haired boy, smiling like an idiot as George panted and shivered, sparks of pleasure still racing through him while two separate hands rubbed gentle circles onto his skin, helping him ground himself and even his breathing, still able to hear his heart beating in his ears.

Shaky hands finally steadied until George could pull himself up onto his elbows, his breath still short but now looking at the pair with glassy eyes and a flushed complexion, face slightly embarrassed from the adoring look the pair were giving him, their hands twining together. George's nose scrunched as he got both wet hands, letting it fall with the gentle thumb that swiped across the back of his hand. "Ours, huh?" Sapnap said first, voice surprisingly fragile and hopeful as he met flustered brown eyes.

"Yeah." Was the soft reply accompanied by an equally small smile, George hesitating for only a second before leaning forward, resting his forehead on Sapnap's, shivering at how intimate it was followed by a breathless gasp, squeezing his hand hard. "Yours, both of yours." Dream tucked his head on George's shoulder, all three shivering at how warm everything felt, George pulling himself into Dream's lap, nuzzling the skin there tenderly as warm hands continued to stroke over his body gently, reassuringly.

"I love you George." Dream murmured into his neck, lips pressing delicately to a purple mark there, left over from the rough treatment earlier and eliciting a shudder from the thin boy. "We both do."

George breathed out with a smile on his face, the tension building up in his chest, words clawing their way up his throat. He was ready for them to get stuck there at the top of his throat before turning into words, ready to feel the disappointment he always had when he couldn't say what he meant and know that while the pair before him knew he loved them, they hadn't heard him say it. Then, before he knew it, he felt the words finally settle into his mouth, blissful and elated that while he still felt the pause before he could give them life, letting them seep into the air, that they were there. He meant them, and he could say it and mean it for the two who deserved to hear it earlier than now.

"I love you guys too." He finally said, the words breaking into the room, settling like a warm

blanket over their shoulders. George had never been so happy for a silent response as the others let his hands go to pull him impossibly close, the skin on skin contact making him shiver at the warmth that filled his stomach pleasantly. He still had work to do, things and habits to unlearn and relearn, trust to still build, but they were whole. They had each other to support and rely on. With another smile, and an elated laugh that rocked his chest, he closed his eyes again, wrapping his arms around the two boys who had taken over his life in the best way, he spoke again.

"I love you Sapnap, I love you Dream. I love you both."

Chapter End Notes

Okay, maybe I am crying. I'm so attached to this series, it was so much fun to work on over the last 2 months. when I first posted this I had no idea it would become so popular, the first installment is well on its way to 15k hits which is fucking insane. You guys are insane. Thanks for reading this series, I hope the ending was as satisfying as I thought it was. It was so hard to try and hit the right balance.

For anybody wondering, at this point George has known them for 5-6 months.

Thanks again everybody for reading and leaving kudos or comments, they mean the world and you are all awesome. <33

End Notes

Hope this was an acceptable first chapter. Let me know how you guys like it, I should be posting again on the 4th of November. I've been very excited but also nervous about updating this fic, its my baby and I hold it very close to my chest, so honestly any comments of kudos will mean a lot to this series that really catapulted me into writing again. I'm going to be devastated when I post the final chapter.

Thank you so much to everybody reading, from the first people to new people to my friends who have been nothing but encouraging and supportive while I write this. Y'all are fantastic, and this guy here is grateful for all of you.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!